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sent to Capt. W—, which I am
glad to tell you is most satisfactory.
In a letter received to-day he says:

'A most beautiful coat, in every way
satisfactory; it has a splendid
collar, a good broad waistbelt; it
is amply big enough and yet fits
as well as such a garment can fit;
altogether it is a great success and
will be an immense comfort; now
I see it I know how disgraceful
the one sent by Messrs. — was'

"With many thanks for courtesy
and promptitude.

"Yours truly, E.W."

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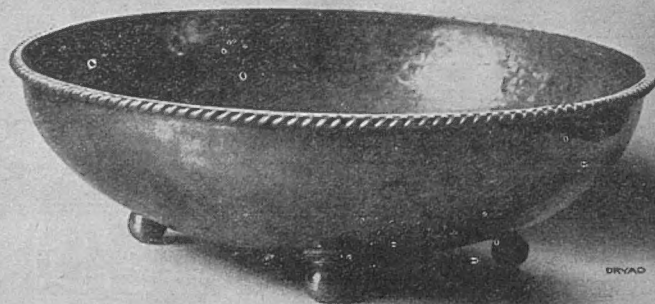
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The Sketch

No. 1200—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



DANCER TO "JOYLAND": Mlle. YETTA RIANZA, OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME REVUE.

As we note on our double-page, on which we give some other interesting photographs, Mlle. Yetta Rianza is now dancing in "Joyland," at the Hippodrome.

She comes from the Opéra Comique, Paris, after a great success.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]

PHYNETTE'S. LETTERS.

APROPOS OF BOTTES—A HAPPY PAIR.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HE had just come back from the Front, and he had not told her. He meant it to be a glorious surprise, you see (very unwise, of course; one does not do those things, not a husband, anyway; but then they were very brand-newly married, and he was young enough not to know worse). So he arrived at Charing Cross, had a long bath, with violent-scented salts in it, a rub with eau-de-Cologne, a shave, a shampoo, a minute manicuring, a face-massage, drove to Bond Street to call on his clothier, and underclothing, and thus adonised from top to toe, sauntered down, to get a complexion, in the direction of their rooms in St. James'; you know—one of those flats where everything is done for you, on condition you remain a bachelor, though they don't turn you out if you happen to get married.

He called on his way at the florist's, and at the *confiseur's*. As he was passing a *bottier's* shop, his eye, now accustomed to the wooden clogs of French peasant-women, was suddenly pleasantly struck by the prettiest, smallest, cutest little pair of high, glossy boots you can ever imagine; and oh, womanly whimsicality, they were the perverse pair, lacing at the back! The young Captain winked at his reflection in the glass window. "Bai Jove," he whistled, "would not Peggy's little tootsies look ripping in those things?" He entered the shop and gravely, in spite of a slow, spreading blush, asked to be shown how to manœuvre those laces, paid for the boots, hid them in his haversack, and reached his Penates as handsome and happy as can be.

He entered the chambers and knocked at his own door—once, twice, three times.

No; you are quite mistaken: this is not at all a scenario for a French farce—Peggy was there, and there alone; but in these strenuous times, it is quite pardonable to be still asleep at eleven in the morning! At last the knocking woke her up; she jumped out of bed, slipped her pink feet in her pink *mules*—one pink shoulder in a pink kimono (I say one shoulder, because the other one was not quite in the kimono; however, a stray curl, wriggling itself from under the little lace bonnet, did its best to hide what the sleeve had left uncovered).

"Who is there?" said Peggy's sleepy voice on the other side of the door. "Is it my new hat?" "No, darling; it's only your old hubby!" said the man on the mat.

Well, believe me if you will, but Peggy did not look a bit disappointed that it was not her new hat! Never was a door opened quicker and—really, I don't think it is quite nice of "yous" and I to enter that door with Peggy's hubby!

But if one were always strictly nice, one would never learn anything, would one? And now we know (among other things) that chocolates taste ever so much nicer munched *à deux*, that the Parma violets matched exactly Peggy's—well, what Peggy wore under her pink kimono, and that boots that lace at the back provide endless fun. A fun that re-occurred every day during hubby's leave, for Peggy's



"His sister gave him away, however—he won't be seventeen for another three months."

TO LONELY. SOLDIERS.

maid, lured by the uniform, had left her to drive a motor-van at Selfrod's, and—Peggy not being an acrobat—the gallant Captain spent many moments of intricate happiness at his wife's feet (literally). The conjugal knot that made the lacing secure was a perfect example of what such a knot should be—supple, strong, and not too tight.

But leave, like lacing, must end somewhere. Back in Flanders, the thoughts of the handy husband were often pleasantly engaged lacing up and unravelling the laces of the little boots. Then, one day, his astonished company saw him stand up madly in the trench, stare into space, and strike his brow! Suddenly a painful problem was facing him. "Who the—" (I forget what you say in such circumstances) "is lacing Peggy's pretty pair now?"

Next time, you may be sure, it is a pair of elastic-sided boots he'll buy for her! I am not joking—they are in again, to go with pantalettes and the coming crinoline. For Doucet says, for certain, we'll have to put up with the crinoline before long. And I saw such a dinky pair of elastic-sided boots in two shades of grey; when on, they looked like two little mice playing hide-and-seek!

The news? You don't want the political ones, do you? Shall I tell you that there is a new way of wearing one's largest pearls: as a chin-strap to a Russian-shaped toque or hat. Looks very well, for theatre wear—very useful in case of a double-chin!

But, instead of demanding ropes of pearls from one's Jack or Jimmy, it will soon be the fashion to demand a little black boy-attendant, such as appears in the Sheridan play, "The Critic," which has been set to music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. They look the dinkiest things imaginable, most decorative, and such a good contrast; that is, if you are fair—and they turn out their toes in a way no one else dares to. Aunt Barbara says it used to be the fashion in the early Victorian times to turn out one's toes. I wonder whether one could walk straight then, and if one wasn't tempted to run right and left!

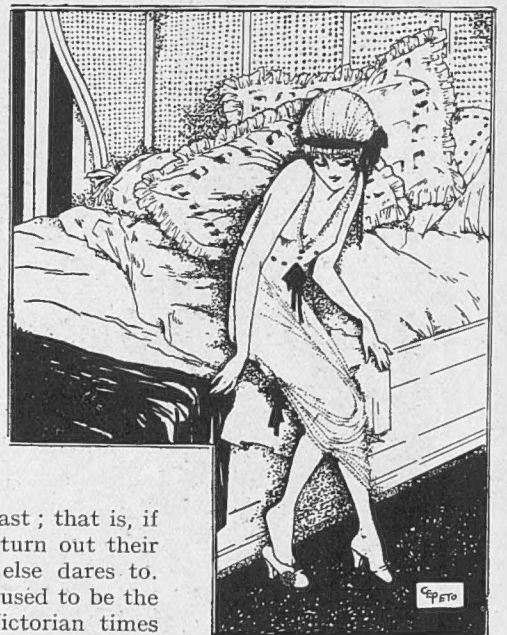
What nonsense I inflict upon you, poor, dear boys! Still, you seem to like it! I got such a funny letter this morning. I'll let you have a peep at it.

"DEAR PHYNETTE,—Gott strafe Bob! No doubt he is a most delightful fellow, and all that; but in this week's letter there's far too much about Bob, and not enough about yourself. I hope he does not want you to marry him, or that you would not agree, for what on earth would happen to all of us if somebody carried you off? There'd be no more Letters to Lonely Soldiers (why only 'soldiers'; what about the poor creatures in blue?)" I have told 'twas meant for you, too, until I am quite apophony!

"Perhaps you're thinking that the address at the beginning of this communication isn't very nautical" (it was an hotel somewhere in England), "but please remember that there are such things as new ships being finished, and people being sent to take them from the embraces of the builders.

"So don't think we're *embusqués*, even though we do dine like Christians, instead of savages." Does that mean that it is only *embusqués* who are not cannibals?

"By the way, do you think you could manage to send us some



"Slipped her pink feet in her pink mules."



"The gallant Captain spent many moments of intricate happiness at his wife's feet."



"It will soon be the fashion to demand a little black boy-attendant."

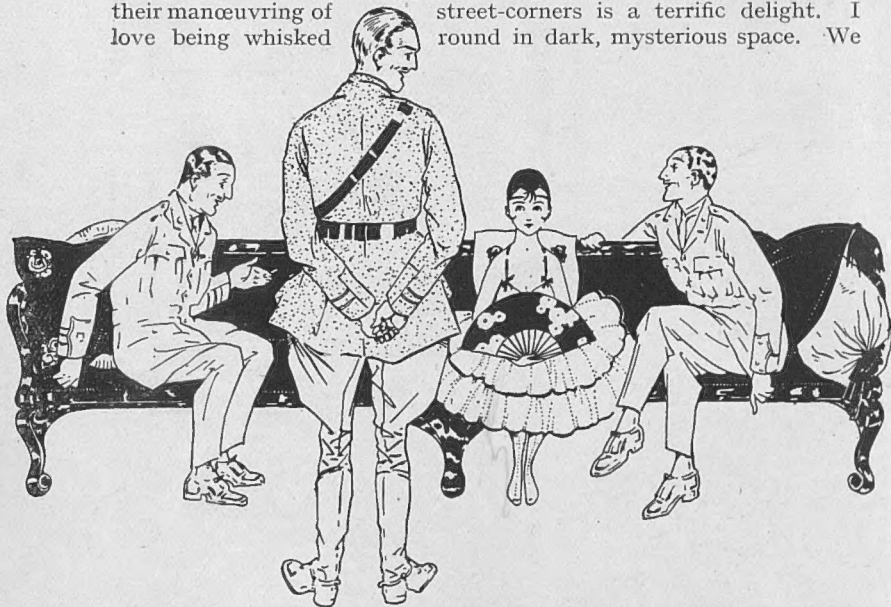
of the delightful creatures whose pictures appear amongst the sparkling paragraphs of your letter? (that's a good sentence). People up here dine at 6.30, and their women-folk, not exactly fascinating at any time, add to their dullness by clothing themselves in sacks, or something similar, even if it's a twenty-guinea sack.

"But if it's not thrilling to watch them dine, it's rather amusing. On one side of you sits a man who eats peas off his knife" (how do they do it? I wish I could!), "while on the other is a subaltern who looks as if he'd like to do the same, if he had not just discovered that it's not done." Now, now, you "Blue," be nice to "Khaki"!

"P'raps you think we're snobbish. But we are not, really. Judging by your letters, you're at any rate

human, and see the funny side of these things. Another thing is that one can have beer for dinner here without being stared at by a lot of people who imagine they are drinking champagne, when it's only lemonade dressed up in its Sunday best with a gilt-paper muffler round its throat. Because that's what does happen sometimes, even if you haven't noticed it yourself." Well, if those people haven't got a strong drink, they must certainly have a strong imagination, what!

What is the matter with taxi-cab drivers? Those that are not deaf pretend they are blind. Lots of people have told me that the taxi-driver of to-day, and especially of to-night, sits scornful and inexorable like a god in a car. I have not found that myself; but I have a sort of talisman. I always keep a smile up my sleeve; it's wonderful what a smile can do. I find taxi-cab drivers wonderful; the way they find some of your friends' houses—even when you have forgotten their number—is, to me, miraculous. And street-corners is a terrific delight. I round in dark, mysterious space. We



I have heard a man tell it, and all the other men laughed."

had such a pleasurable thrill of danger last night. The way the driver took the Savoy's curve made me creep, but I like to creep; and then I felt a sort of *sub-conscious* courage, or was it Frankie? Frankie (you are not going to "strafe" him, too, are you?) should still, judging by his years, be cramming at college for his exam., instead of which he has left college for a commission, and says he is eighteen. His sister gave him away, however—he won't be seventeen for another three months. That's the spirit! Where was I? Oh, yes, taxi-cab drivers. Well, Aunt Barbara says the other evening she hailed a driver, and though he heard her, he did not even look at her (I think he must have, and that was why!), but went straight across the road to pick up a gay young couple out of Romano's—a big khaki man with a fluffy young thing around him! Well, not around him, really, but, you know, it looked like it. "There is no respect for grey hair, nowadays," Aunt Barbara complains. "But, Aunt Barbara, it was dark, and he did not look at you, you said."

Personally, I think they needed the taxi more than Aunt Barbara, don't you?

But, seriously, if there aren't enough taxi-drivers to go round and around, why not taxi-driveresses? If they can manage a huge cumbersome van from the stores, a cab would be nothing for them to handle, which reminds me of the story of the woman driver in Paris. She was hailed one evening at the door of a *café* by a male fare in a state of—enthusiasm, as you say.

"Eh, *Cochère*."

"Where to, *Monsieur*?"

"Oh, *n'importe*! *Chez moi ou chez vous*!"

I never could see the point, but I have heard a man tell it, and all the other men laughed—so, please, laugh, too, even if you don't understand!

I went to the Doctor's this week. Oh, no; I am quite all right, thank you; but he is such a charming man, that one goes to see him just to consult him, almost! No, that's not the reason I went, either—but to accompany a woman friend of mine who thinks she is ill; at least, she was much "worse" before the war; she is better, now—quite invigorating is the war for some people! Before she suffered from chronic idleness and enlarged imagination; now she merely complains of heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia, lack of appetite, neurasthenia, and a strong inclination to nag.

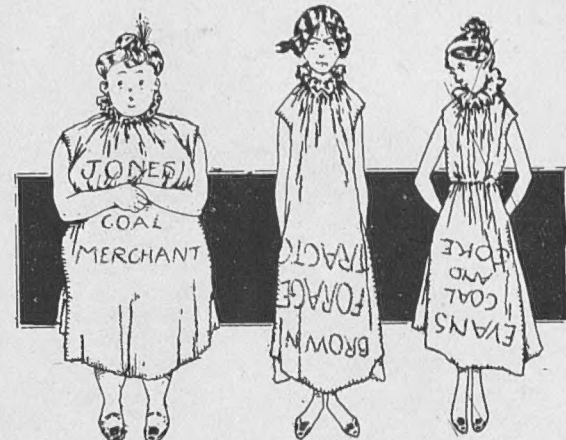
The doctor, such a profound psychologist, listens to all she has to say. You know him, don't you? At least, your mothers and sisters do—he is *such* a dear! I tell you, handsome, well-groomed, unmarried, lovely house, lots of tact, and such a *cliente*! He is a specialist in (or for) Society women of sensitive nerves! He counsels, consoles, confesses, and even cures! And so interesting!—he can always tell you the latest gossip while feeling your pulse—and so understanding! Why, a woman goes to him and says: "Doctor dear, I am so seedy, a rag, positively a rag; our wretched climate! I feel the sun would do me good; an officer-friend writes to me from Cannes—recuperating, you know—the weather has never been so glorious there; but my husband won't hear of it! He insists on my staying in town to receive his mother coming up from Scotland. Such a trial, doctor dear—my nerves won't stand it, I am sure. She never dines anywhere but *at home or at other people's*! Yes, imagine! And she says, 'Restaurants—what for? We are not travellers!' Yes; and she says I ought not to take Lilian to revues—the weirdest notions! Why, Lilian will be sixteen next month, and she did all the Paris theatres with us two years ago, and—"

The doctor gently seizes her wrist between thumb and index: "Feverish, dear lady, *very* feverish! I must prescribe absolute rest, change of air, warm climate, somewhere on the Riviera—Cannes, for instance. Tell your husband those are the doctor's orders."

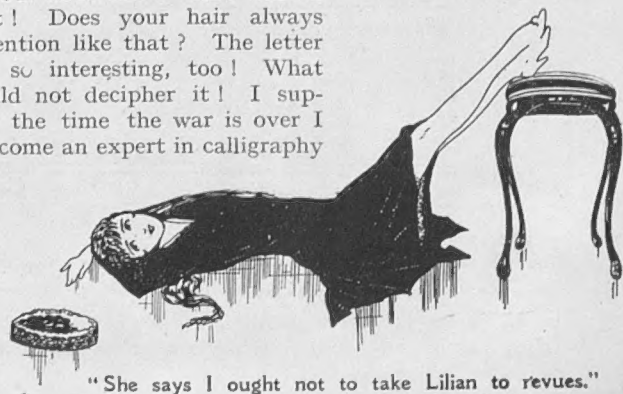
However, he did not order my friend to Cannes—you see, she had no wish to go there. He put her a few adroit questions: "No appetite? Hum! What do you read for breakfast?" (Not *eat*, mind you; *read*, he said.) "What! The *Morning Misere* and the *Moaning Mail*! No wonder—such pessimism!" (He said pessimism, but he might have said *pessi-miasm*, don't you think?) "Well, dear lady, send this prescription of mine to your news-vendor"—and he gave her a list of the cheeriest, buoyantest, lightest newspapers and magazines that sustain us in good-humour. "And," he added, "may I rely on you to take the lead in those private theatricals in aid of my officers' nursing home? No, no medicine; just go and choose your costumes for the play."

The theatricals were a great success—so was the cure!

Thank you to the young wounded officer in a country hospital for his letter. It is very cleverly illustrated—was it a portrait of yourself in your little bed? And what a curious quilt! Does your hair always stand at attention like that? The letter itself seemed so interesting, too! What a pity I could not decipher it! I suppose that by the time the war is over I shall have become an expert in calligraphy and graphology; but then, I am afraid, I shall need an extra strong pair of spectacles!



"And their women-folk . . . add to their dullness by clothing themselves in sacks."



"She says I ought not to take Lilian to revues."

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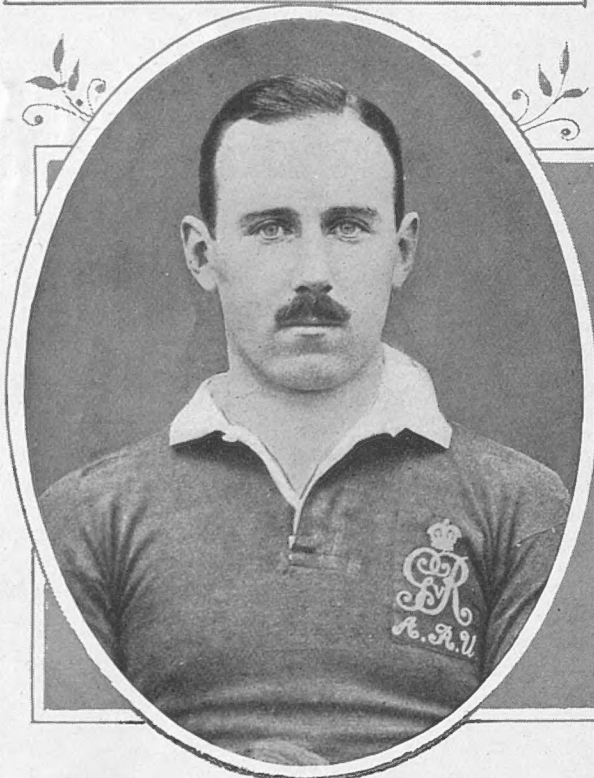
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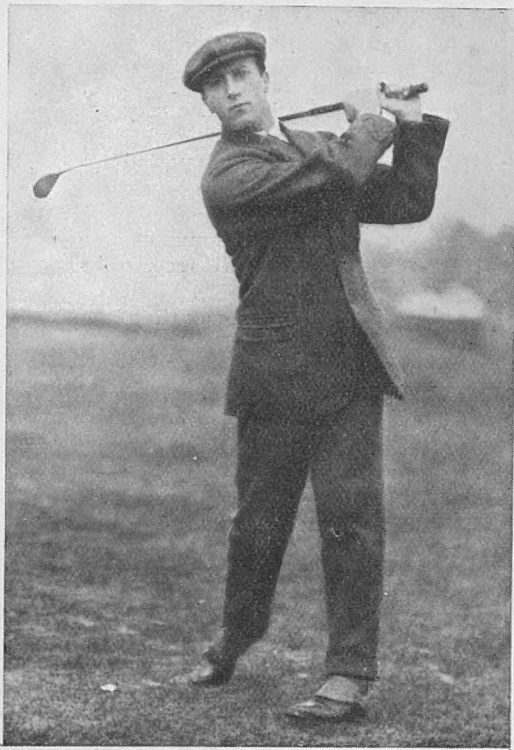
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The progress of the war continues to afford proof of the splendid patriotism shown by British athletes and sportsmen of every kind, who in former days won fame on other and more peaceful fields, or on waters innocent of submarine or mine. A large number of names well known in the world of sport were mentioned in the recent supplement to the "London Gazette," containing a long list of officers of the Army on whom distinctions or promotions have been conferred in recognition of valuable services rendered in the war. Cricket, football (both Rugby and Association), rowing, racing, and golf are all worthily represented among

KNOWN SPORTSMEN DECORATED FOR WAR SERVICE.



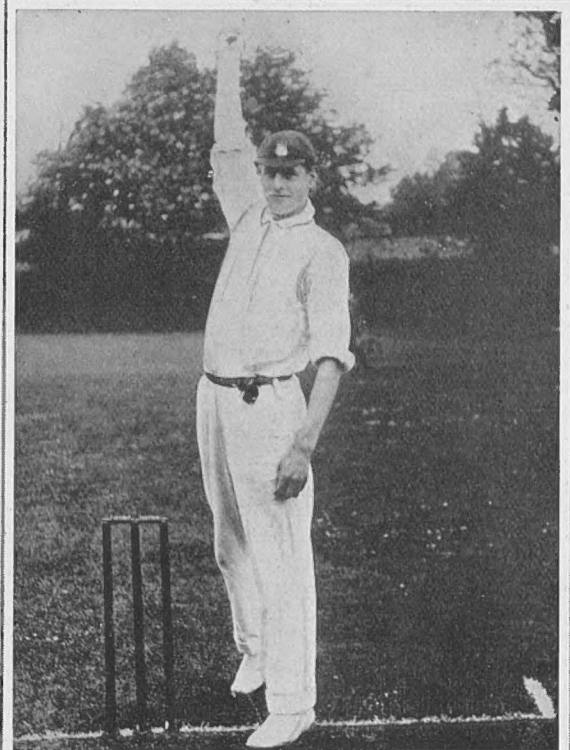
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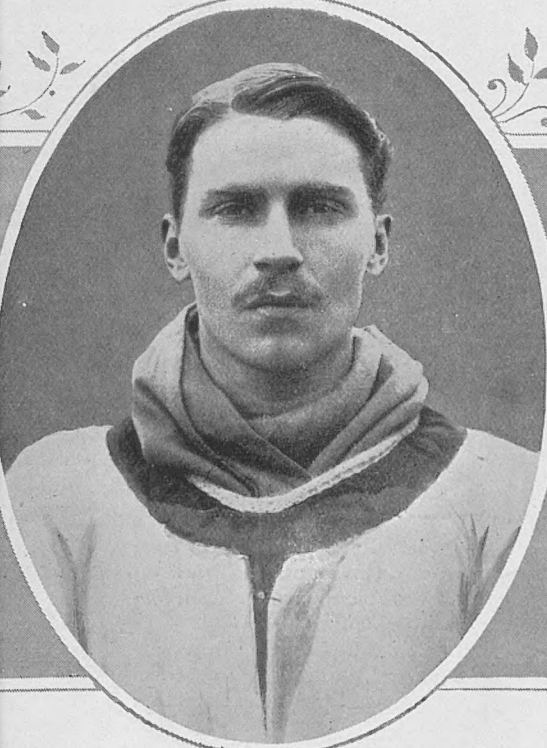
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MILITARY CROSS.



SECOND LIEUTENANT A. W. SYMINGTON, KING'S
ROYAL RIFLES. (SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL AND CAM-
BRIDGE RUGBY FORWARD)—THE MILITARY CROSS.

the latest additions to the roll of honour of British sportsmanship. We give on these two pages portraits of some of the more famous of these sportsmen who have thus been decorated for "playing the game" so well on the side of their country. Major Walter Long, it may be added, is a son of the well-known Unionist leader, the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., President of the Local Government Board. Lieutenant Pym played "scrum half" to Adrian Stoop in several international "Rugger" matches.—[Photographs of Major Long and Lieutenants Hornby and Persse, by L.N.A.; All the Rest by Sport and General.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

A Guide to Argument.

The art of argument is lapsing. This seems a pity. There are so many things to argue about, and a good argument is a stimulant to the brain as well as the body. Have you not often been startled, friend the reader, by the brilliance of your own ideas in the midst of a heated argument? You find yourself saying things that had never entered into your head before, and never would have entered into it but for the stimulant of argument.

The great secret of exhilarating argument is to talk, brilliantly and forcefully, about something you know nothing whatever about. If the other party is equally ignorant, so much the better; but be very careful that you yourself are wholly ignorant on the subject. You cannot, as a matter of fact, argue well on a topic you understand—unless the other party understands it equally well, and then, the chances are, you won't either of you care to argue.

The best way of getting into a fine argument is to wait until you hear a confident person make an assertion in a confident tone. Then contradict him flatly. Suppose, for example, you hear somebody on the other side of the dinner-table say: "There is not the slightest doubt that 'Paradise Lost' is the finest poem in the language." You must immediately retort, politely, and with a winning smile, "Oh, surely not!" You don't know why not. You may, secretly, agree with the first speaker. But, if you contradict him, you will find yourself, within five minutes, talking about English poetry as though you had read some.

The Correct Formulae.

Of course, half the success in argument is due to a knowledge of the correct formulae. So long as you introduce your remark properly it doesn't matter twopence about the remark itself. Never strive to deal the knock-out blow. Stun your adversary with your opening, and then give him an opportunity to recover. Here are a few of the more useful formulae—

"Well, now, do you think so? I hold——"

"To tell you the truth——"

"Pardon my interruption, but——"

"I quite follow your point, but——"

"Ah, there we have a very common fallacy. If——"

"But, granting your argument for the moment to be correct, let me——"

"There's something in what you say, although, for my part——"

"That's quite true—perfectly true. What you don't seem to see is this. If——"

"Well, in certain cases, that may be so. On the other hand——"

"Now let me show you what I mean. Supposing——"

"I should like to be able to grant you that point. Unfortunately——"

Maintain that attitude at all costs, and success is certain. Nobody could stand it for long, however great their knowledge and lucid their gift of expression. Personally, I should run like a hare the moment you began to talk like that.

The New Broom. There is always hope in a new broom. Mr. J. A. Pease, the new Postmaster-General, has a splendid chance. He can sweep away abuses of long

standing. He can fling the huge reels of red tape into the fire! He can—Well, amongst other things, he might find my parcel.

I forget when I lost the parcel. It was registered and posted to me from London. I waited for it a long time, and then wrote to the authorities. On Oct. 29 they replied—

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 28th instant *re* missing parcel, which shall receive attention."

On Dec. 1 I wrote again, having given them a clear month to find the parcel. They wrote on Dec. 2—

"SIR,—With reference to your communication of Oct. 29 I have to inform you that, although careful enquiry has been made [this was printed], the parcel addressed to you cannot be found. I am, your obedient Servant."

On Jan. 12 I wrote again to my obedient servant, and on Jan. 13 received the following—

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your further communication and to inform you that the matter is receiving attention. [This was printed.] I am, your obedient Servant."

I would suggest to Mr. Pease that, as a startling reform, somebody should find the parcel and send it along. In the meantime, I have quite forgotten what was in it.



MR. MATHESON LANG, WHO IS PLAYING SHYLOCK AT THE STRAND IN THE AFTERNOONS, AND MR. WU IN THE EVENINGS.

The Colonel and the Beef.

He was billeted on two elderly maiden ladies, who were thrown

A very pathetic little story of a popular Colonel reached me the other day. Two elderly maiden ladies, who were thrown into a great flutter when they learnt of the exalted rank of their temporary guest.

"They say," observed Penelope, "that he is a fearful gourmand!"

"No, no!" corrected Matilda. "Gourmet, I heard!"

"Gourmand, my dear! He eats enormously!"

"Gourmet, love! He is most particular about his food and digestion!"

"Well," said Penelope, "I shall provide a huge piece of cold beef!"

"And I," said Matilda, "a tin of sardines. We can have the sardines on the table and the beef on the sideboard. Then he can choose."

The Colonel duly arrived, and they sat down

to supper. He was very hungry, and glanced with satisfaction at the fine joint of beef.

"Will you take a sardine?" asked Matilda, trembling with excitement.

"Oh, thank you," replied the Colonel. And he popped the little fish away.

"One more?" asked Matilda.

"Well, I don't mind," said the Colonel. And he popped that away.

"Surely you can manage just one more?" pressed Matilda.

"Well, I'm bound to say I'm very fond of sardines. Thank you."

Matilda, nearly bursting with exultation, rang the bell. A maid entered.

"You can take away the beef," said Matilda. "We shan't require it."

The regiment will corroborate this story.



MR. MATHESON LANG AS MR. WU.

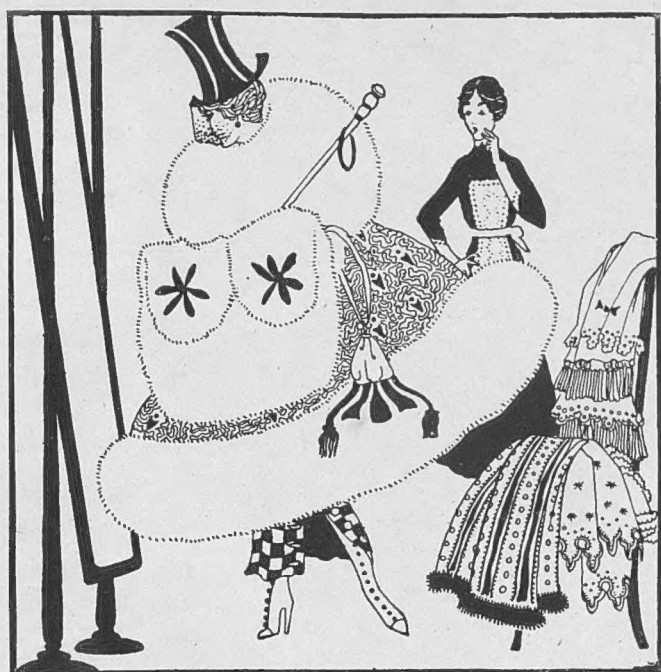


MR. MATHESON LANG AS SHYLOCK.

ALL IN A DAY: AN ACTOR AND HIS MATINÉE AND EVENING PARTS.

Photograph No. 2, by Claude Harris.

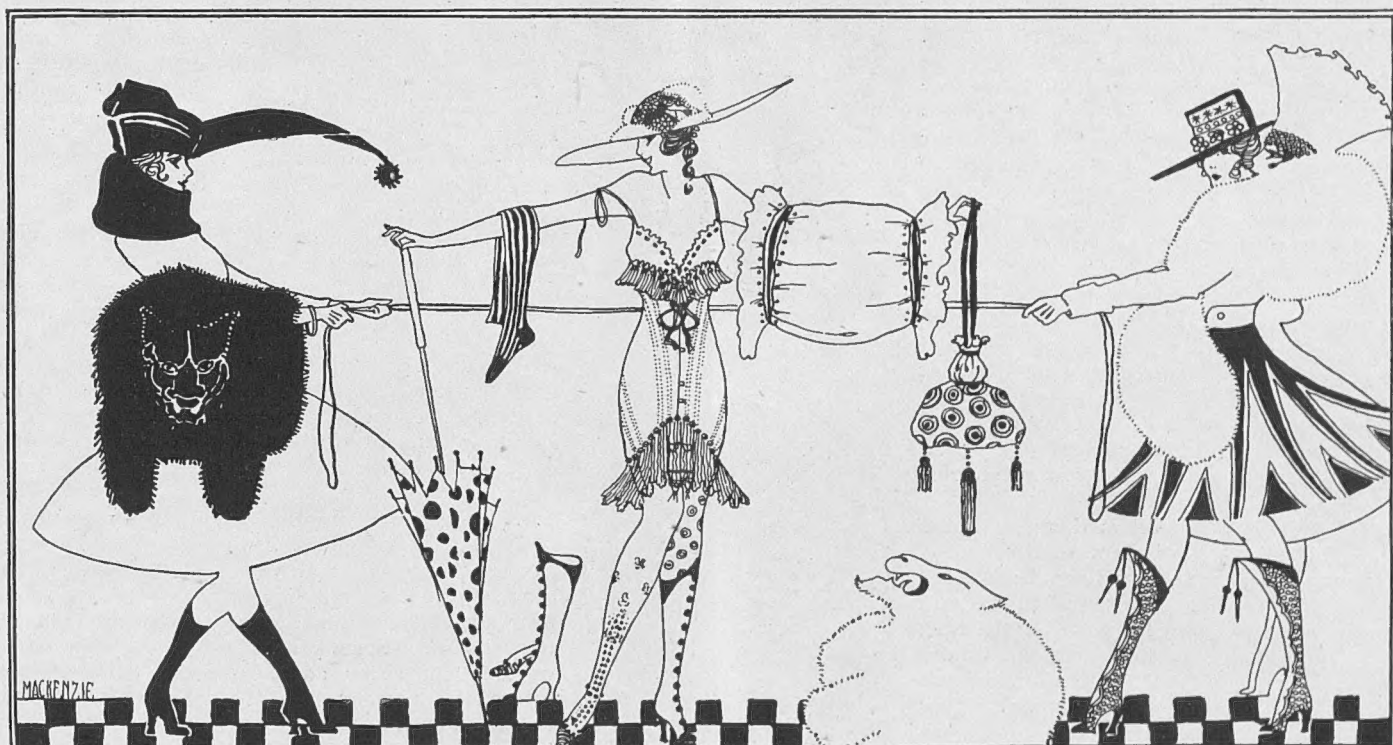
MORALS OF MACKENZIE: JANUARY SALES.



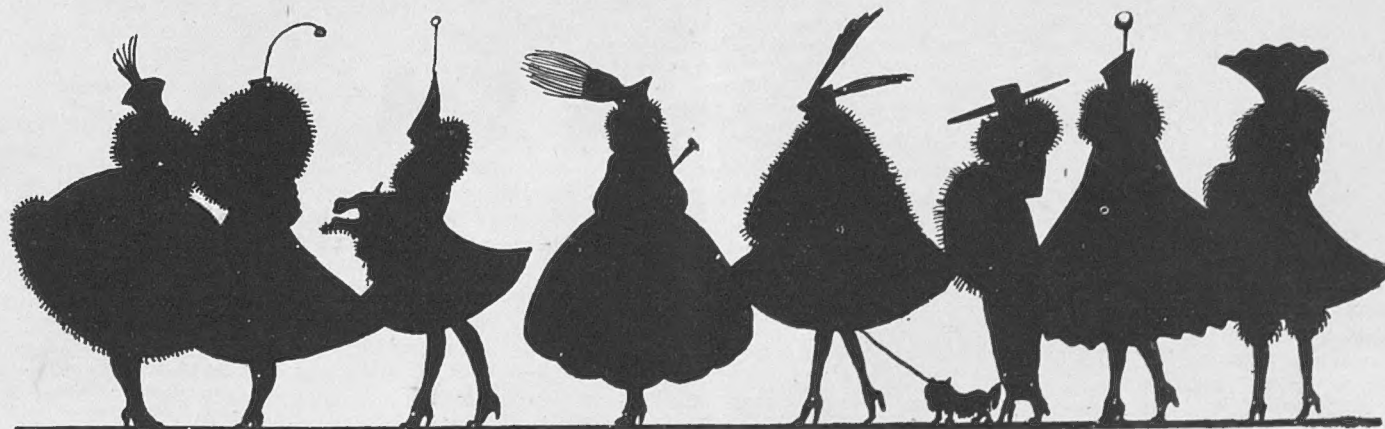
DON'T BUY A 1914 SKIRT, EVEN IF IT IS A BARGAIN:
OR YOU MAY ACHIEVE THIS RESULT!



AND IT MAY NOT ALWAYS BE ADVISABLE TO
ECONOMISE TO THIS EXTENT—EVEN IN WAR TIME.



DON'T TRY TO EXHIBIT ALL YOUR PURCHASES AT ONCE; OR YOU MAY APPEAR LIKE THIS!



SALES SILHOUETTES.

SMALL TALK

THE Chelmsfords are well known in the younger generation, and the Hon. Joan Thesiger will be very much missed in London if her father's appointment as Viceroy means she will stay much in India. Two of her brothers were born at Simla, and she herself has lived in the Antipodes, but there is something so essentially English about her that, save from higher Imperialist motives, England has first claim upon her. I think her cousin Ernest, of Criterion fame, will agree that she belongs by rights to these parts—not to the world of "A Little Bit of Fluff," but to the sedate world of the stalls, and tea-parties, and picture-galleries; she has a Gainsborough complexion and the hair of a Reynolds. Her younger sister would, but for the war, be making her début this season.



TO MARRY LIEUT.-COMMANDER MAURICE PERCY BERKELEY PORTMAN, R.N.: MISS JOAN WYCLIFFE THOMPSON.

Miss Thompson is the elder daughter of Major-General C. W. Thompson, C.B., D.S.O., Commanding, South Africa. Lieut.-Commander Berkeley Portman is the only son of Mr. Berkeley Portman, of The King's Barrow, Wareham, Dorset.

Photograph by Lafayette.

blinds securely than people who live surrounded by their own grounds, or who grow careless in the great impersonal congregation of Mayfair or our London squares. The sea, however black, seems always to be keeping an eye upon the houses on the front; and I am told by one resident who makes a habit of smoking a cigarette at her open window just before bed, that she must turn out all her lights when she does so, and that she is staining the palm of her hand with nicotine through holding her cigarette according to the strictest requirements of the Defence of the Realm Act. Otherwise, she says Neptune, or an equally imaginary coastguard, might grow suspicious.

Moods and Places. Lady Poulett is there, with the smaller members of her family, and among recent Brighton visitors have been Lord and Lady Kinnoull, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, and Lord de Ramsey, who has been hit hard by the war, and who is still unsettled by his experiences in a German internment camp. Apart from its nocturnal gloom, Brighton, to my

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Lord Savile's engagement is interesting.

An old Etonian, he went into diplomacy as a young man, and left it while there was still time to enjoy a lifetime of leisure. He was born with a faculty for making the most of the environment into which he has been thrown, ever so lightly, by a propitious fate. His interests are very largely sporting, and I doubt if he has compromised with the arts even to the extent of joining his literary namesake among the clubs—the Savile. The Bachelors',

the Marlborough, the Travellers', and the Turf have all claimed him in turn, and his town house is within five minutes' walk of any of them.

Mrs. Claud Levita. Mrs. Claud Levita first married into a family well known in the City and in Society. As stockbrokers the Levitas have been the masters of considerable fortunes, and Mr. Arthur Francis Levita left a third of a million to his wife and children on his death in 1911. Lord Savile is childless; and a scarcity of babies marked the former generation at Rufford, for the late Peer and his brother were both bachelors. An old portrait at Rufford, by the way, recalls an early family anxiety to possess itself of a boy. An infant was taken in from gipsies, and grew up under the protection of the Lumleys. Then, when he was old enough to feel the call of the wild, he disappeared, never to be heard of again.

Or Merely Topographical? On both sides the neutral

diplomats are anxious to be gracious, but I fancy Mrs. Page goes farther than most Ambassadors' wives. The other day she attended the War Emergency Entertainment at the Duchess of Somerset's—and this immediately after Colonel House's advisory visit to her Embassy! In Washington the diplomats contented themselves by giving flowers to President Wilson's bride; and each Ambassador or Minister had to send such a mass of them that his own contribution could not possibly look mean among the rest. The result was a fragrant chaos in Mrs. Galt's house. The Minister from Ecuador confined himself this time to an unpictorial arrangement of lilies; it was he who sent the President's daughter, at the last ceremony, a thousand-dollar representation in red roses and orchids of a volcano, presumably emblematic of the married state.

The Dance of— Lord Mexborough's marriage with Mrs. Ritchie takes place abroad and very quietly. Other times,

other ways. His family is associated with the crowded festivals of Mayfair rather than with retirement on the Riviera. Some years ago Lady Dorothy Nevill wrote: "My sister adored dancing, and the night before the present Lord Mexborough was born she was at a dance in Arlington Street—the child was born an hour and a half afterwards."

Fist and Figures. Lord Lonsdale, who did not send

a cheque for a hundred and ten pounds, with a request for cash, to the manager of Ciro's by a messenger boy, is nevertheless a member of the club. And he does write one of those simple hands

(it has the directness of the fist that used to drive straight from the shoulder in the days-of-old bouts at Barley Thorpe) that make fairly easy game for the imitators. I am reminded that it was about the time of first joining Ciro's for the luncheon hour that Lord Lonsdale felt it his duty to declare in public that "there is nothing more beautiful on earth than a graceful Englishwoman."



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES ROBERT BATHURST: MISS FÉLICITÉ ESTHER THEOPHILA METCALFE.

Miss Metcalfe is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, C.S.I., and the late Mrs. Metcalfe, of Buckshaw House, Sherborne, Dorset. Mr. Bathurst is in the 3rd Northamptonshire Regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN B. C. ST. G. WARRENS: MISS THELMA DANDRIDGE.

Miss Dandridge is a Royal Amateur Orchestral Society Scholar ("Cello"). Captain Warrens is in the Royal Field Artillery.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN JAMES FENTON: MISS AMY EUGÉNIE LISLE ELPHINSTONE.

Miss Elphinstone is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. A. Elphinstone (late Indian Army), Commanding 3rd Tyneside Scottish, of Woodside, Camberley. Captain Fenton, 17th (Loyal) Infantry, is the elder son of Brigadier-General A. B. Fenton, C.B., of Tring Grove, Tring. The wedding is to take place in India.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEORGE GORDON MOSLEY: MISS BEATRICE MACGOWAN.

Miss Macgowan is the only daughter of the Rev. Dr. W. Stuart Macgowan (formerly Principal of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, South Africa), and Mrs. Macgowan, of Middleton Road, Hendon. Captain Mosley is in the 2nd Calcutta Rifles.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN IVOR H. DAVIES: MISS NANCY BOOTH.

Miss Booth is the only daughter of the late Mr. Edward E. Booth, and of Mrs. Booth, of Bexhill-on-Sea. Captain Davies is the second son of Dr. and Mrs. Ivor Davies, of South Kensington, and is in the 8th Welsh Regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.

WORKERS FOR THE WAR: AIDES AND NURSES OF THE WOUNDED.



PROVIDER OF REST-HOUSES FOR NURSES: H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.



NURSING IN JAMAICA ROAD, BERMONDSEY: MISS D. MANSEL-PLYDELL.



A WORKER FOR THE RED CROSS: MISS GERALDINE STANFORD.



TENDING THE WOUNDED IN IRELAND: LADY EDINA AINSWORTH.

H.R.H. Princess Victoria has long taken great interest in the womanly work of nursing, and the war has caused her to manifest this interest in very practical fashion. Nurses in France say that they can never be sufficiently grateful to her Royal Highness for the admirably run and fitted Rest-Huts which she has provided for them.—Miss D. Mansel-Pleydell is an 'indefatigable war-worker'. For some months she was in France, but is now

nursing at the Princess Club Hospital, Jamaica Road, Bermondsey.—Miss Geraldine Stanford, who is working for the Red Cross in Kent, is the only daughter of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Mus. Doc., the famous composer.—Lady Edina Ainsworth, who is giving up much of her time to the wounded in Ireland, is the wife of Lieutenant Thomas Ainsworth, Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry, and is a sister of the Marquess Conyngham.



YOUNG Etonians, including Prince Henry, have returned to Eton; and old Etonians have been re-treading the familiar ground in reverie, or in letters to the *Times*. A host of memories were started by an anonymous correspondent on the subject of "Old Jobey." Everybody in the 'fifties and 'sixties knew

him; and everybody knew him a little differently. Mr. Arthur Leveson Gower recognised him as a man who died in 1895, aged eighty; Mr. Ashley Cooper, writing on the same day, finds he died in 1883, aged eighty-three; and Mr. George Irvine buried him in 1912, aged seventy-two. Lord Grimthorpe remembers something else; and all are right. Some of the discrepancies are due to the fact that Jobey became a generic name, others to the fallibility of human evidence; but to each generation Jobey endeared himself, and seems always to have been a small, thick-set man, very quick and clever with a cricket-ball.

Asquith's Young Men

Mr. Asquith, who has been at some pains to define a young man for the purposes of his



THE WIFE OF THE "SOUL OF 'ANZAC'":
LADY BIRDWOOD.

Daughter of one distinguished soldier, and wife of another, Lady Birdwood is an exceptionally interesting personality in these war days. Her husband is the brave and cheery Lieutenant-General Sir William Riddell Birdwood, who was described as "The Soul of 'Anzac,'" and has a splendid record from the Hazara Expedition of 1891 to the gallant work done at Gallipoli. Lady Birdwood was Miss Janette Hope Conville Bromhead, eldest daughter of Colonel Sir Benjamin Parnell Bromhead, C.B., whose military record goes back to the Afghan War of 1878-80, in which he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the medal, with clasp.

Photograph by Bassano.

Bill, has many recollections of the elasticity of the term in Parliamentary usage. "A young Member" is one who is new to the House, however long he may have been engaged in growing old outside. Lord Rosebery, too, recalls this conventional use of the term. "I have stamped on my memory," he writes, "the occasion when the late Lord Coleridge was making a maiden address on University tests, and I, a lad in the gallery, heard with speechless surprise this bald man who, looking like Methuselah to my innocent eyes, pleaded for indulgence as a young Member." Lord Rosebery, it may be recalled, got into trouble for speaking of "our young King" at a time when we all felt elderly at forty.

Christie's and Some Christians.

One can but admire the people who dare to plan and carry through another Red Cross Sale at Christie's. Behind the scenes they know what it all means; and for Lady Wernher, for one, blithely to encourage an encore is nothing less than heroic. Most of us, in theory, find it amusing enough to drop in to a sale for an hour or so, with the prospect of catching the auctioneer's eye if anything seems to be going too cheap; and most of us know in practice the weariness of waiting for the desired lot to be put up, the annoyance of not catching the auctioneer's eye at the right moment, or, in nervousness, of catching it once or twice too often; then the trouble of reclaiming from an unfindable porter and carrying home our purchases. Multiply all this, and the bill, by a few thousands, and you get at the sum-total of the troubles cheerfully taken on by the bidders who make things hum for the Red Cross in King Street.

The Champion Buyer. Lady Wernher was the genius of the last sale. Whenever the price of a valuable lot wanted hoisting up, she went racing along into the hundreds *pour encourager les autres*; or when interest flagged, she looked all eagerness and went on buying. "Heavens, it's mine!"

she would occasionally explain to a neighbour on the fall of the hammer, and visions of Luton Hoo piled with packing-cases crossed her eye. She bought all sorts of things, from empty frames to a manuscript-poem by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who was sitting beside her at the time. Now she is going to begin again. At any rate, she is well supplied, in these initial stages, with things of value to contribute to the forthcoming collection.

Sir Guy in Town

Sir Guy Laking, who is intimately connected with Christie's, has just returned to town with Lady Laking from Barton Manor, Osborne. He, too, looks forward to a whirl of work, and will lose no time in holding consultations with his partners and Sir Charles Russell on business connected with the new scheme. Since last year titles have been won, and lives lost. Who forgets the scene in the famous auction-room when it was announced that Sir Hugh Lane had given ten thousand (was it?) for the portrait promised by Mr. Sargent? Then, just after, came news of the *Lusitania* horror, and the loss of Sir Hugh, so that no sitter was named and no portrait painted. Sir Guy, among many duties, "keeps" the armour in the Wallace Collection, which, by the way, is to be closed until further notice.

At Longleat. The Marchioness of Bath and her energetic daughters are playing havoc with the tradition fastened on the family by the letter-writing Lord Chesterfield, who declared that the Lord Bath of his day acted as a sort of cold douche on good works. Longleat is now a hospital: ninety beds, with as many patients, are installed there, and one bed is still to spare (but not on the hospital side) for the son of the house, Viscount Weymouth, when, after a long bout of fighting, he gets leave. Lady Kathleen and Lady Emma Thynne are both assisting their mother in the very heavy work of looking after what may almost be called a houseful (though there is never quite a limit to the capacity of Longleat) of wounded.

A Royal Picture-Palace.

The King and Queen realise the importance of the cinema, and a private view, before "release," of war-films was given last week at Buckingham Palace by his Majesty's special request. The Royal family has fewer opportunities than most of us of becoming weary of the average film. Even Charlie Chaplin keeps a sort of freshness for them, and the younger members of the family still believe in him as the Funniest Man on Earth—or, as they call him, the F.M.O.E.



WIFE OF THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL:
MRS. JOSEPH ALBERT PEASE.

Mrs. Joseph Pease is the wife of the Right Hon. Joseph Albert Pease, P.C., M.P. for Rotherham, son of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, first Baronet, and brother of the present holder of the title. Mr. Pease has held important official appointments, including those of Chief Liberal Whip, and President of the Board of Education. Mrs. Pease is a daughter of the late Sir Henry Marshman Havelock-Allan, first Baronet, and grand-daughter of the famous soldier, Major-General Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, K.C.B., of Lucknow renown. As Miss Ethel Havelock-Allan she was married to Mr. Joseph Pease, in 1886, and has a son, a Lieutenant in Lovat's Scouts, and two daughters.

Photograph by Thomson.

BY THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS.



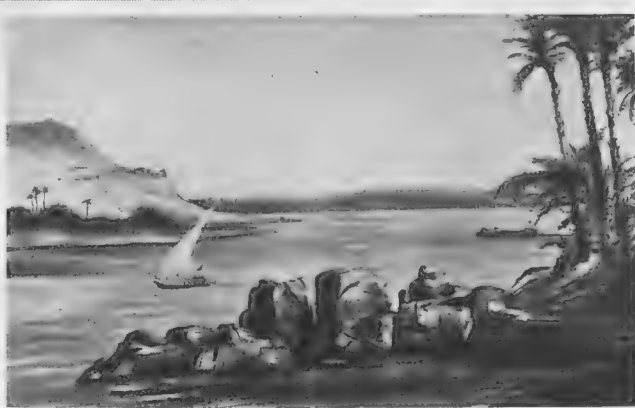
"COOLIN HILLS, IN SKYE, FROM KYLE."



"OUR KING AND COUNTRY WANT US."



"IN THE SOUDAN; ABOVE THE FIRST CATARACT."



"ON ELEPHANTINE ISLAND, LOOKING TOWARDS THE GRENFELL TOMBS."



"ON THE NILE; WITH FIGURES"

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos does a good deal of artistic work; and we have much pleasure in giving above black-and-white reproductions of some of her water-colour pictures. Her Grace, who has studios not only in her London homes, but at her Scottish home, recently gave four of her pictures to the Red Cross Society, that they might be sold for the benefit of its funds. Further, she is willing to sell other of her works for the same good cause. Alice Anne, Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, is the eldest daughter of Sir Graham Graham-Montgomery, third Baronet.

In 1885, she married the third Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, as his second wife; and in 1894 she married the first Earl Egerton of Tatton, who died in 1909. When the third Duke died, in 1889, the Dukedom and some minor honours became extinct; while the Earldom of Temple devolved upon his nephew, William Stephen Gore-Langton; the Viscounty of Cobham upon his kinsman, the fifth Baron Lyttelton; and the Barony of Kinloss upon his elder daughter, Lady Mary Morgan-Grenville. The Soudan drawing is a copy of a sketch made by Lord Egerton of Tatton in 1895.



THE CLUBMAN

THE ETIQUETTE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE : POLO PLEASURES AND PENALTIES : PLAYING THE GAME.

Viceregal Etiquette. Lord Chelmsford, who has been staying with the present Viceroy of India at Delhi, the new capital of India, has embarked for England, for directly he became the Viceroy-designate it was against custom that he should be on Indian soil until his predecessor has laid down the reins of government. What has usually been the procedure is that the departing Viceroy has bidden an official farewell to Calcutta, the capital, a day or two before his successor came up the Hugli, and that the arriving Viceroy has landed at the steps alongside the river-road to be received in State by the ruler of Bengal, the Commander-in-Chief, and other great men of India. He has found Government House swept and garnished and empty awaiting his coming, and has taken possession of it before the ceremonies attendant on his taking over the government have commenced.

Where Will the Viceroy Land? Calcutta, though it remains the "first city" of the Indian Empire, is no longer its capital, and, as the new Viceroy cannot land at Delhi, there is no more reason for his landing at Calcutta than there is for his landing at Bombay—indeed, Bombay being nearer to England than the capital of Bengal, it would seem to be the most suitable place for his landing. No doubt, all this has been carefully considered already, for in India no matters of etiquette are ever left to chance.

Cricket a Vice-Regal Game. I do not remember to have seen or ever to have heard of a Viceroy of India playing cricket in India, but I imagine that Lord Chelmsford will not find that it is one of the sports barred by custom, for the Governors of Bombay have, some of them, been notable cricketers, and have captained elevens in India. The present Governor of Bombay made a double-figure score a short time ago in an important match; and Lord Harris, when he was ruler of Bombay, found spare time to handle a bat occasionally. Polo and pig-sticking are two

day of the occurrence, and the Prime Minister asked for an audience and begged his Majesty to give up such a dangerous game.

The Viceroy and Sport.

It is rather difficult, all the same, to understand why it is not the custom for the Viceroy of India to indulge in certain kinds of sports. The heir to the throne of India goes tiger-shooting in the Nepal Terai, which is not the safest of sports; but the Viceroy would flutter all the white baboos of India if he joined the Tent Club of Cawnpore and entered for the Kardah Cup. The King of England runs his racehorses at Epsom and Newmarket, Ascot and Goodwood; the



THE CHAPLIN OF THE BATTERY: "CHARLIE" ON PARADE WITH THE R.G.A.
By H. de Poix. By Courtesy of "Strafe."

Viceroy of India, however sporting he may be, does not run horses, but goes in State to see other people's horses run for the Viceroy's Cup during the New Year Week at Calcutta.

Jutogh.

All these matters will not astonish Lord Chelmsford, for he knows India well and its ways. He has soldiered in India, and at one time, as a Captain in the Dorset Regiment, was quartered at Jutogh. Jutogh is next-door to Simla, a little military station on one of the knolls of the Simla ridge. At Jutogh is quartered a small force of British infantry and the Mountain Battery which fires salutes on important State occasions, and greets with the guns to which they are entitled great officials and the Indian Rajahs coming up to or departing from the summer capital. The number of his guns is a matter of supreme importance to an Indian Prince, and to reduce this number is a punishment that is very keenly felt by them. On the other hand, an addition to the number of their guns gives them the keenest pleasure. I have known a Rajah whose salute had been increased go down from Simla to the plains in the midst of the hot weather and then return again up the hill after a few days so as to hear his salute with the extra guns included. Jutogh is so close to Simla that the artillery and infantry officers quartered there enjoy Simla life to the full, cantering out along the hill path to sleep in their quarters after dining at the U.S. Club or at some hospitable bungalow.

Fine Sportsmen.

I have chatted during the past week with a young officer who has just been invalided home from Gallipoli, and his enthusiasm for the sporting character of the Turks knew no bounds. He drew a very sharp distinction between the Turks and the Germans who are helping them. Some of the guns opposed to us had gun-crews of Germans, and those guns always fired at the boats taking the wounded off to the hospital-ships, whereas the Turks showed every respect to the Red Cross. At one of the beaches the hospital camp was in the open, and could have been shelled continuously by the Turks. Not only did they not shell this camp intentionally, but when a shell fired at some other mark fell short and exploded near the camp they sent in an officer to apologise for the incident and to say that it was unintentional. If the Britons who have fought against the Turks have any word as to our relations with the Turks after the war, we shall, I am sure, become very good friends with our Turkish enemies, whereas there are plenty of signs that the Turks and the Germans will end the war as bad friends.



HIGH EXPLOSIVE IN THE R.G.A.: "IN BLAST I.G." (i.e., INSTRUCTOR OF GUNNERY).

The cartoons on this page are from the first and last number of "Strafe," a genial publication written and illustrated (most of it some miles out at sea) by officers of the R.G.A. and R.E. stationed at Weymouth. The profits go to a local fund for providing wounded soldiers with cigarettes. "Strafe" is quite the brightest example we have met of the new regimental journalism brought into being by the war. It is not altogether an amateur effort, as the editor (Second Lieutenant Roy Clark, R.G.A.) has had some experience on the "Daily Mail" and "Evening News," and the two artists here represented (Messrs. E. J. Blair Leighton and H. de Poix) have both exhibited in the Academy. The I.G. (Instructor of Gunnery) shown in one of the caricatures is described as "a gentleman well known for his 'strafing' capabilities."

By E. J. Blair Leighton. By Courtesy of "Strafe."

sports from indulging in which a Viceroy in India is generally dissuaded, for, if his mount at either sport did make a mistake, Viceregal necks are just as easily broken as those of ordinary people

The King of Spain and Polo.

When the British team that brought back the Polo Cup from America went to Madrid for their practice games King Alfonso used occasionally to play with them. One day he and his pony had a nasty fall during the game, and the King lay unconscious on the field for quite a while. The British players knew that the wind had been knocked out of him and that he would be all right again in a minute or two, but such of his Spanish Majesty's subjects as looked on were very seriously alarmed. The King's Ministers heard next

"OH! LA LA!"—ONE OF ITS BEAUTIES.



AS SHE IS SEEN IN THE REVUE AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS LORNA DELLA.

Miss Lorna Della, a Spanish singer, actress, and dancer of considerable charm, is meeting with much success in "Oh! la la!" at the Queen's Theatre.

Photograph by Bassano.

MAP OF THE HIGH SEAS!



THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF THE CENTRAL POWERS: SEA-LIONS TO EAST OF THEM; SEA-LIONS TO WEST OF THEM; SEA-LIONS TO SOUTH OF THEM; SEA-LIONS TO NORTH OF THEM.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

WAR-TIME WEDDINGS — MILITARY AND "ANTARCTIC."



TO MARRY CAPTAIN J. L. M. SHAW: MISS MARY ISABEL ALEXANDER.



TO MARRY MR. HERBERT GOLDSMITH SQUIERS: MISS ETHEL MARGUERITE KENNEDY.



MARRIED TO MISS ELSA ANDVORD: COMMANDER E. R. G. R. EVANS, R.N., C.B.



MARRIED TO COMMANDER E. R. G. R. EVANS, R.N., C.B.: MISS ELSA ANDVORD.

Miss Mary Isabel Alexander is the elder daughter of Dr. R. G. Alexander, J.P., Black-wall Lodge, Halifax. Captain Shaw is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Shaw, Brooklands, Halifax. He is in the 8th Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and was wounded at Suvla Bay.—Miss Ethel Marguerite Kennedy is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Myles Kennedy, Stone Cross, Ulverston. Mr. Herbert Goldsmith Squiers is the eldest surviving son of the late Hon. Herbert Goldsmith Squiers, United States Minister to Panama and Cuba, and of Mrs. Squiers, of New York, and Thornes Beach,

Hampshire.—Miss Elsa Andvord, of Christiania, was married, on Saturday last, to Commander Edward Radcliffe Garth Russell Evans, R.N., C.B., of H.M.S. "Viking," who joined the British Antarctic Expedition, as second in command, October 1909; Commander, 1912; returned in command of the Expedition after the death of Captain Scott, 1913. Commander Evans holds the King Edward VII. and King George V. medals for Antarctic Exploration, is an Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Commander of the Order of St. Olaf of Norway.

Photograph No. 1, Press Portrait Bureau; No. 2, Lafayette; Nos 3 and 4, Russell and Sons



HERE IS THE TRIPLE TEST

THE triple test of a good Scotch Whisky is very easily made. The Whisky must first please the palate. Then there must be no "morning after" symptoms, as in the case of inferior products. It must be pure. Finally it must result in a call for more.

J. & G. Stewart's Whisky has a rich mellow flavour which is quite distinctive. Absolute purity is ensured by careful handling, blending and maturing, while the continually expanding sales tell of growing appreciation. You can make this triple test. Buy a bottle and enjoy the fine flavour, realise the unalloyed satisfaction of pure whisky, and in future be sure you get Stewart's.

Three Brands of different Ages:

"GOLD MEDAL" is a fully matured Whisky of good character, smooth and mellow, over 7 years old. 4/3 per bottle. 51/- per case.

"FINEST" is for those who prefer very old-matured Whisky, over 10 years old. 4/9 per bottle. 57/- per case.

"NONPAREIL" is the most excellent 15 year-old Scotch Liqueur Whisky obtainable. 5/6 per bottle. 66/- per case.

J. & G. Stewart, Ltd.

Anderson Place, Bonnington, Edinburgh;
Temple Bar House, 23/28, Fleet Street,
London; and at Manchester.

Beauty Treatments

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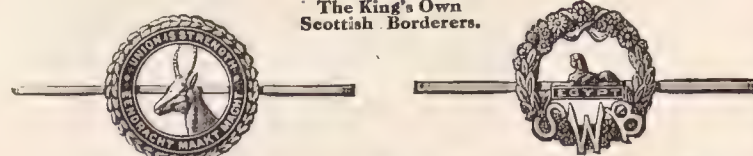


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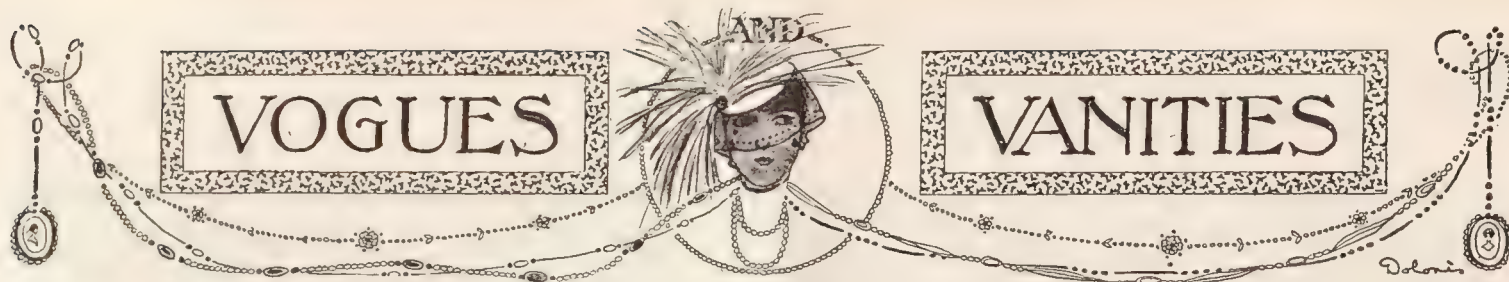
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THE CONSTABLE: Now, then; what are you doing there?

THE MOTORIST: Well, I've tried every kind of light on my car: same result every time—
forty shillings fine for overlighting! Now I'm collecting glow-worms, to try those!

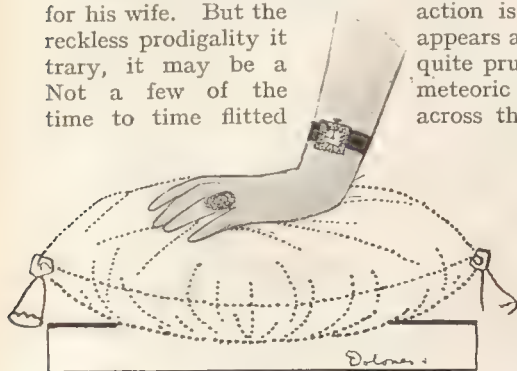
DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Jewellery's Place in the Dress Scheme.

Good jewellery is a luxury that appeals to almost every woman. It is, perhaps, the only department in which sheer extravagance is closely linked with real prudence. People are rather apt to gasp when they read that some millionaire with a wine-list name has spent £80,000 on a necklace of the finest Orient pearls for his wife. But the reckless prodigality it trary, it may be a Not a few of the time to time flitted



Decorative? Yes, but practical too. The watch-bracelet we know, but the watch-ring is a newcomer.

stance, looking at the subject from a practical point of view as a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, a quantity of platinum jewellery purchased half-a-dozen years ago would now be worth five or six times its cost price in War Loan.

Taste in Jewellery.

Sordid considerations of this kind, however, have no influence on the woman with an instinct for dress. She will chiefly be concerned with the all-important question of the use and value of jewellery as the finishing touch to a well-chosen toilette. "Barbaric pearl and gold," a lavish display of gems in more or less untasteful setting, was all very well in an age when women's clothes surpassed in "pure extravagance of ugliness anything that had ever been seen in the world of women's dress." But tastes have changed as well as fashions. Simplicity in dress demands a corresponding simplicity in the jewellery worn with it. Purity and delicacy of design, a setting whose very plainness is convincing, a reticence in regard to the choice and "mixing" of stones—these are some of the characteristics of the jewellery of to-day. The jewel problem, however, is not one of workmanship alone. Due consideration must be given to the personality and features of the wearer, no less than to the occasion on which the jewellery is to be worn and the gown it is to accompany. Further, gems should follow character. The same pearls that suit a mild, Madonna-like face and slender figure look ridiculous in association with a stern kind of beauty, and greasy when adorning a too-plentiful bosom. Diamonds, plenty of them, with all the fire that can be got, are superb on some women, and merely flashy on others. Again, one must be either quite in the mode or altogether out of it. Broadly speaking, there are only two kinds of jewellery that can be worn now—the kind that is absolutely up to date, and the kind that is really antique and possessed of that rare

distinction which makes it fashionable at any and every period of its existence.

The Cave of Aladdin.

There is in London a modern Aladdin's cave where the newest jewellery in all its beautiful and diverse

forms can be studied: it is on the premises of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company in Regent Street. First in favour, if not in actual intrinsic value, just now is the military jewellery, which, of course, owes its popularity directly to the war and the consequent absence of friends at the "front." In formidable battalions of brooches and pendants, pins and links, the badges and buttons and crests of every branch of his Majesty's Army and Navy stand out in glorious array of gems and enamels, or the austere simplicity of platinum and plain gold. Sometimes the crest is allied to a bow of regimental ribbon, sometimes the bow alone is made in enamel framed with diamonds, or again a



Every stone counts in this ornament. The setting counts just enough to keep them there.

crystal surface protects a crest cut in reverse at the back and coloured by hand. The colour-note, indeed, is almost exclusively confined to this form of jewellery. Elsewhere the pearl maintains its popularity, and diamonds, if they do not, as some cynic once asserted, "win the modern maid," at least occupy a high place in her affections.

The Platinum Setting.

The favourite method of treatment is an almost invisible platinum setting, and the favourite necklet for the moment—diamond slides on a band of black moiré—represents a height of sober magnificence in complete harmony with the sombre frocks of the day. The watch-ring is a newcomer. It is simply a form of marquise ring with an elongated

watch-face in a frame of diamonds in place of the usual gem cluster. A watch and chain is now a more or less useless possession—at any rate from the fashionable point of view. It has been ousted by the watch-bracelet, wherein watches of every conceivable size and shape are mounted on a wristlet of flexible links, or coloured leather, or black ribbon. Then, too, there is the watch-pendant, in which the beauty of the setting almost completely eclipses the timepiece, whose presence is known only to the wearer.

Like the watch, the wedding-ring has developed advanced views. It is no longer necessarily the magic golden circlet of which poets have so often sung, but, adapting itself to the fashion of the time, is made of platinum. Where gem-rings are in question, the woman who knows demands one whose central stone, cut *en cabochon*, has an encircling wreath of diamonds, and, of course, the ring, like the setting, must be of platinum.



The black brow-band is as fashionable as the black necklet; and what daughter of Eve could resist such a serpent?

ARMLETS AND THE MAN.



THE ARMLETEER (*after motoring*): Jarvis, just brush my uniform for me, please.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

TIM FINNEGAN.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

TIM FINNEGAN sat on the wall adjoining the police barracks and looked out over the little village of Clonegam. For the greater part of a long life he had looked on nothing else. There had been a few years of glorious exception, but the rest of his years had been spent in his birthplace. It was a fair enough spot, too. The houses clustered about the spire of the Protestant church with an altogether deceptive friendliness. The Catholic chapel stood aloof, high up on one of the wooded hills that surrounded the village. Fifty yards away on his right, the little river that had come from Lord Kilport's demesne ran down to join the Suir. It was a fine morning, and the sun shone. Tim Finnegan felt it through all his old bones.

Nobody quite knew how old Tim Finnegan was. But everybody agreed that he was incredibly old. Whenever an exceptionally elderly person was discovered in Ireland—that country of universal old-age pensions—inhabitants of Clonegam asserted the superiority of Tim Finnegan. He was a hundred, said some; he was a hundred-and-ten, said others, going one better; the more cautious regarded him as a youngster of about ninety-five. But nobody really knew—not even Tim Finnegan himself.

He sat now, hale and wiry in spite of his years, sucking a short clay pipe and meditating in the sunshine. There were few people about, and the children were in school. By and by a young man and a girl came down the hillside from the direction of the chapel, and sauntered his way. The two walked at a little distance from each other with a kind of sullenness, hardly looking at each other, and not speaking at all. About a hundred yards from him, the man turned away up a side-lane with a nod. The girl came straight on. She was pretty, with the dark hair and grey eyes of Ireland, and she carried herself with a curious grace. As she came abreast of him, Tim Finnegan noticed that the grey eyes were full of trouble and that on her lashes there was a suspicion of tears.

"Well, Mary?" he said. "And how is it with yerself?"

"Oh, well enough, Mr. Finnegan," she answered, stopping. "Why wouldn't it be well?"

Tim Finnegan took the stump of his pipe out of his mouth and ran his hand over the wire-like stubble on his chin.

"Ye look as if ye had trouble," he remarked.

"Where isn't there trouble now?" she asked. "With this war and all?"

"Ay, ay," assented Tim; "trouble enough, surely. That'd be Larry Riordan I saw ye with just now?"

"I met Mr. Riordan coming down from the chapel," she answered stiffly. "He walked a piece with me."

"Larry?" said Tim Finnegan, with a certain emphasis. "Is it him ye're calling 'Mr. Riordan'? Sure I thought your folks had it fixed up between ye."

"They couldn't agree," she answered. "There was a matter of fifteen pounds between them at the end. Mr. Riordan said he could pay no more. And me father wouldn't let me go without it. And then Mr. Cassidy at the shop came—and what was the money to him? So 'tis fixed up between me and Mr. Cassidy, and we're to be married next Shraff."

"And is it true, then, that Larry's going for a soldier?" asked Finnegan.

"'Tis so!" she answered. "And them Germans 'll be killing him; and me heart's broken with it all."

Tim Finnegan became meditative.

"Listen to me, gerri," he said, after a pause. "A soldier's is a fine life for a young man. Maybe ye didn't know I was one meself."

"Sure everyone knows that, Mr. Finnegan," answered the girl. "Wasn't it you that went out to fight the Rooshians in the—in the—where was it now?"

"In the Crimea!" said the old man, his dim eyes glistening.

Tim Finnegan became meditative.

"Ay, in the Crimea it was. Cold and rain and frost and mud! Ay, that was the time. Fighting was fighting then, I'm telling ye. From all we see in the papers nowadays, half the army's taken up with hospital work. Ambulances no less—and trains for the wounded. Faith, there were few trains then, and none at all for them that got hurt. The bands-

men picked ye up if they'd the time to stop from playing. And believe you me, them Rooshians was the lads to fight. It seems quare that it was them we were killing then, and now they're helping us to kill these Germans. Well, well, what does it matter who we fight as long as we fight for the ould country? I tell you, gerri, you see me sitting here, and I'm poor, and I go hungry, and if it wasn't for the few coppers I'd be getting from the lady and gentleman visitors that I tell ould stories to I'd have to go to the workhouse. I would so. But, for all that, when I think of the time I fought with the other lads for the credit of Ould Ireland I wouldn't change—no, not with the King on his golden throne."

"They're saying you're not so poor as you'd make out to be, Mr. Finnegan," said the girl. "They're saying you have a bit laid by if you'd only let on about it."

(Continued overleaf.)



IN THE SKETCH "SIMPSON'S STORES": MR. ALFRED LESTER AND MISS BUENA BENT.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

Rejected by the Inventions Board.



IX.—THE PILSENER-PUMP FOR TAPPING THE ENEMY'S BEER

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

The old man became extraordinarily agitated.

"They're saying that!" he piped shrilly, raising his hands to the heavens. "Bad luck to the lying tongues of them! How'd I have anything that's too-old to do any wurruk these years past? Oh, the deceit of them people! The envy of them! The jealousy of them! Believe you me, my gerrl, 'tis all lies together. A poor old man with one foot in the grave and not a cross to bless himself with! And they're saying that!"

"Never mind what they're saying, Mr. Finnegan," said the girl, rather alarmed at his vehemence. "Maybe 'tis all lies, and I'm sorry I spoke. What would it be to me, anyway? I have me own troubles on me mind, and God knows they're enough."

Tim Finnegan became calmer. Once away from the subject of his supposed riches, he was able to talk with detachment. For the truth was, he was a miser ingrained. For years and years he had scraped a copper here, a sixpence there, walking to Waterford to change his accumulations into gold, until now he had something like thirty pounds sewn up at home in his mattress. Nor had he any idea as to what he intended to do with it, beyond, perhaps, some vague ideas of a grand funeral when he was dead. But he was the true miser. He saved for the mere pleasure of saving. The possession of the gold coins, apart from their use, was what mattered. Never once had he spent one. The thought of having to do so turned him faint. He returned to the girl's troubles.

"I was saying a soldier's was a fine life," he remarked, after a pause. "And Larry'll be earning honour and glory. And sure ye'll settle down with Mr. Cassidy well enough."

"Maybe so," said the girl stiffly. "Anyhow, 'twill be no business of yours, Mr. Finnegan; and I'll wish ye good-morning."

"Wait a minute now, wait a minute," said Tim Finnegan. "I was thinking," he went on, scratching his chin, "that I was in England once—a power of years ago. The young men and the young gerrls there, when they're wanting to get married, faith they do it without saying 'By your leave' or 'With your leave' to their parents."

It was obviously a suggestion, and she took it and rejected it as such.

"They've quare ways in England," she said; "but, well you know it, it wouldn't do here. Where'd we get the priest's fees, and how would he marry us and he knowing how things were? There's little use in that."

"Tell me now," said Tim Finnegan slowly, "supposing he had the money to marry ye, would Larry go to the wars now? I suppose not?"

"Then ye'd suppose wrong," she answered quickly, "for 'tis just mad to go he is. 'I couldn't marry ye if I didn't go,' says he to me. 'How would I know I was a man at all? I wouldn't dare to look ye in the face.' That's what he said."

"Did he now?" said Tim uneasily. "Well, well, to think of that! And I suppose now," he continued, with senile cunning, "that if it was ye had the money, ye'd be wanting to marry him and keep him at home? Is that so?"

"I don't know," she said, troubled. "I'd like well to keep him at home, and not be lying awake at nights thinking he was at the wars and getting killed. But he was saying the country was wanting him and the likes of him; and sure, if that's true, I'm not the gerrl to be keeping him back. But what's the use of talking? We haven't the money, and there's an end of it."

"Well, well," said Tim, more and more uneasily, "ye'll not be troubled with Mr. Cassidy wanting to go to the wars—that's one good thing."

"He won't, to be sure," she answered, with a touch of scorn. "A great anti-enlistment man he is, and spoke agen it at the meeting last week. A quare thing it is when some says Ireland wants them to go, and some says not. But I'll never believe that them that goes is traitors. Me Uncle Mike was killed in South Africa. A finer and a better man there never was. And I wouldn't think it of him, not if Mr. Cassidy said it was ever so."

"Well, here he is to say it for himself," said Tim, looking down the road. "'Tis quare to find him out of the shop at this hour of the morning. But mebbe he heard ye were gone to the chapel, and was looking for ye. Mebbe he heard Larry Riordan had gone that way too."

Mr. Cassidy was the owner of the principal shop in Clonegam. He was well-to-do, and a widower. He kept up his social position by the aid of a somewhat shabby frock-coat, a casually brushed tall hat, and a more or less white "dicky." The possession of such attire was a stamp of respectability. In appearance he was somewhat withered, in manner very consequential. He addressed the girl abruptly and in tones of reproof.

"I'm thinking it's a queer thing, Mary Riley," he said, "to find the girl I'm going to marry trapseing the roads and talking with anny old tramp that's sitting on a wall."

"Ah, what harm, Mr. Cassidy?" she answered, flushing.

"I'm thinking," said Tim Finnegan drily, "that it's not the old men ye should be minding, Mr. Cassidy, as long as she's not talking to the young ones."

"And that's what I am minding," retorted Cassidy angrily. "I got wind of her doings this morning—meeting Larry Riordan she was

up at the Chapel Hill. And, believe you me, her father got wind of it too. And he's coming up this way to see for himself if 'tis true."

"Well, then, it is true!" flashed the girl with spirit. "And he needn't have troubled, for I'd have told him if he asked me. And Larry's going to the war and wanted to say good-bye to me, so ye have no call to be minding."

"Well, I am minding," answered Cassidy, more angrily still. "And I tell ye I'm not pleased with yer conduct at all—a good-for-nothing young blackguard that joins the English Army and is a disgrace to his country."

"A disgrace, is it?" said Tim Finnegan, with sudden sharpness. "Ye'll remember, Mr. Cassidy, that I've fought with that army meself."

"And the more shame for ye! And look at ye now," answered Cassidy; "an ould tramp with not a copper to bless himself. That's what ye are, and that's what ye'll always be. And that's what Larry'll be when he's done as you did. And serve him right. A nice thing it'd be for Mary here to be marrying a man like that, and maybe going the roads with him when he got back, and him on crutches begging by the wayside."

"He would not then," cried Mary sharply, goaded by this picture out of all discretion, "for I'd beg for him."

Cassidy turned purple with rage. The girl, flushed and erect, looked him straight in the eyes. On Tim Finnegan's face there was a blend of admiration and a curious reluctance. "Oh, then, that's the spirit," he murmured to himself. "But what'll I do at all?"

Before any of them could speak again Mary Riley's father came up the road. He was a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and not well-to-do. He had a great respect for Mr. Cassidy, and was much taken aback when that worthy turned on him.

"D'ye hear how it is, Tom Riley?" cried the shopkeeper. "Here's this gerrl of yours I'm thinking to marry, and she's saying she'd rather beg the roads with young Larry Riordan. And that's gratitude for you!"

Riley looked troubled.

"Ah, why would ye be minding her?" he said. "Sure ye know there was talk between the Riordans and us. But it came to nothing, and Larry's going for a soldier. You that's a wise man, Mr. Cassidy, wouldn't be minding every word that a foolish gerrl speaks."

"She'd better be minding what I'm saying," answered Cassidy, "or she can trapse the road with him and welcome."

"No, no, now, Mr. Cassidy," said Riley anxiously. "Sure she didn't mean a word of it. She'll mind what ye says. And it'll not be long before he's out of the place, and then ye'll be easy."

"I'm thinking," said Tim Finnegan slowly, "that mebbe Larry'd like to marry her before he went."

"Well, he won't, then," said Riley shortly. "There was fifteen pounds between us."

"I'm thinking," said Tim Finnegan again, though with a wry face, "that that's a matter that might be made up."

"And who's to make it?" asked Riley, staring at him incredulously.

"Well, I'm a poor man—a very poor man," said Finnegan, with a whine which was his usual tone when he alluded to his poverty, "but mebbe I could find it for you."

The girl's eyes lit up, her face flushed. She could hardly believe her ears. "Do ye mean it, Mr. Finnegan?" she said.

"Fifteen pounds!" said Finnegan. "Sure it'll ruin me, but I'll find it for the lad that's going to fight for his country the way I fought meself."

"Ye've fixed it up with me, Riley," said Cassidy. "And if ye want to be off with yer bargain ye're not the man I take ye for. And I'll put another ten pounds on—twenty-five pounds, mind you. But that's my last word."

"But it isn't mine," said Finnegan, shaking violently with excitement. "Thirty pounds, Tom Riley, for the sake of the lad and the colleen here. Thirty pounds, I'm saying. Do ye hear me?"

"I do indeed," answered Riley with a shade of contempt. "But I'll be believing it when I see it."

"Ye shall have it in yer hands in golden sovereigns within the hour," said Tim Finnegan, rising from the wall.

Riley paused.

"If that's so," he said slowly, "I don't know what to say."

"But I do," said Finnegan. "Run along up the boreen, Mary, and tell Larry that 'tis fixed up between him and ye to marry before he goes. Tell him that one that's fought for the Ould Country will do that for one that's going to fight. And I wish ye good-morning, Mr. Cassidy," he went on, noticing that that worthy was turning angrily away. "And all the luck to yer anti-recruiting that ye deserve."

Half-an-hour later he handed the money over to Riley. "I didn't think to part with this until me time came," he said slowly. "It's took me long to get it together, and I'm too ould to begin again. But mebbe 'twill be made up to me one way or another. And, anyway, 'twill be more use to the young folks than 'twill be to me. Sure he'll be coming back to ye a captain or a general yet. Ah, well, 'tis a great thing to be young!"

THE END.

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George Brinsmead, 27 gns.; nearly new pianoforte by Venables and Co., 14 gns.; a good-toned pianoforte in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, 12 gns.; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley 18 gns.; Collard and Collard, 14 gns.; a splendid-tone short grand, in handsome case, 25 gns.; and several others, all in excellent condition.

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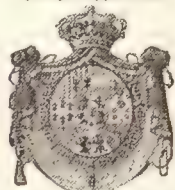
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DUNLOP

Trade



Mark.

WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Apologetic Dukes. The other day, at a meeting of shareholders, an English Duke apologised for not being able "to help being a Duke." The situation was not without humour, as it was not without significance. There is no doubt that the modern Peer "feels his position," as the reporters used to say, though not in the way in which "Debrett" and "Burke" envisage it. He is conscious that a great deal is expected of him, and that to be popular he must make an effort. It may be argued that Dukes are above the necessity of making themselves liked, and that they can always have a tail of parasites and toadies. The modern Duke is quite modern enough to know that such henchmen are not desirable as a background. In short, in our democracy he is apt to be judged as a man first and as a Peer second. On the other hand, one has never yet come across an apologetic Duchess—probably because Duchesses acquire their superlative position and are not born to it. She is, as a rule, quite equal to sustaining her rank and acquiring popularity at the same time, and she often works hard towards both ends. Perhaps democracy considers that strawberry-leaves look more suitable on feminine brows than on masculine. Certainly, a Duchess wears her tiara with more assurance than a Duke his "coronet."

The War, Some Frenchmen, and Their Beards.

Is it possible that after the war the *poilu* will remain hairy about the face, and that the younger generation of Frenchmen will be bearded like the Turks? General Joffre, it is true, has not so adorned—or spoiled—his face, but in countless pictures you can see that French soldiers, officers and men alike, resemble the pard. Wars have a disconcerting way of altering ideas and fashions. The beard made its first appearance in England since Elizabethan and Stuart times after the Crimean War. In the trenches before Sebastopol they did not shave or look as smart as Tommy and his officers contrive to do in Flanders. Mrs. Wharton, in her book on "Fighting France," gives us one glimpse of the British Army—a "Phidian procession of slim, straight, and

incredibly fair youths." Perhaps, in future, the Parisian will have lost the taste for clean-shaving, and will more resemble the dandies of the Second Empire, who wore a moustache and a tuft, like Napoleon III. With the defeat and fall of that monarch his style of shaving fell grievously out of fashion.

The "Artists" and Their Rifles.

The war has made some strange metamorphoses. Thus a famous actor is now a famous aviator, a poet of immense promise succumbed in the Gallipoli Expedition, and the "Artists Rifles"—that enthusiastic Volunteer corps of old—seems to turn out incredible numbers of efficient young officers in France. The "Artists" had a field day with their drawings and pictures at the Leicester Galleries the other day, and you could hardly elbow your way through the khaki uniforms. They were, of course, chiefly interested in the drawings and caricatures of themselves, drawn by a perfidious lance-corporal. It was noticeable that the

"The Crime Club."

"The Crime Club" is an exceptional book: it is not often that a series of detective stories has as part-author a former Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard. Mr. Frank Froest is a man who knows, and, aided and abetted by another expert in criminology, Mr. George Dilnot, has turned out a most fascinating volume. Of the merits of the "yarns" themselves their readers will have no doubt; for ourselves, we commend them heartily. For the rest, we give a few quotations on more or less general phases in the life of those whose business it is to set criminals by the ears.

Where It Is.

First as to the Crime Club itself. "No member is ever elected; no member ever resigns. Yet the wrong man is never admitted, the right man rarely excluded. Its members are confined not only to one profession, but to the picked men even of that profession. Unostentatious as its existence is its headquarters—a little hotel handy to the Strand, wherein some years ago Forrester and Blake, of the Criminal Investigation Department, discovered a discreet manager, a capable chef, and a back dining-room. . . . Quiet, comfortable-looking men dropped in for luncheon or dinner, and a chat that was as likely to cover gardening or politics as murder or burglary. Perhaps the only trait they showed in common was some indefinable trick of humour that lurked in their faces. An experienced detective has seen too much to take himself too seriously. The rank and file of the world's detective services have no entrée to the Crime Club."

The Detective as He Is. The "tec" is not readily recognised: that is part of his value.

"If you had scooped twenty or thirty men haphazard out of the street you could not have found a more mixed lot. There was not a pair of handcuffs among them. At the risk of discrediting an estimable body of men, it must in candour be added that there was probably nothing more efficacious for purposes of disguise than a pocket-comb. As they lounged about the lofty room, distempered in two shades of green which Scotland Yard affects, you—if you are an astute reader of detective fiction—would readily have diagnosed them as butchers, bakers, barristers, stockbrokers, actors, or millionaires—anything you chose except the hawk-eyed sleuth. In the mass they looked eminently commonplace, respectable men—fathers of families who lived in trim suburban villas, and played golf, motored, or rolled the lawn on Sundays, according to their means. Yet this was a big council of crime—the fortnightly meeting of divisional heads of the detective force of London."

Concerning Disguise.

Disguise has been mentioned. Read this: "The art of disguise—especially facial disguise—is one that is very rarely used by officers attached to the Criminal Investigation Department. There is indeed a make-up room at Scotland Yard where men may transform themselves into anything from coal-heavers to Guardsmen, but it is used only when the ordinary attire and manner of a detective would be so entirely out of keeping with his surroundings as to attract attention. A dirty muffler, unshaven face, and corduroys work a transformation more difficult of detection than the most cunning use of grease-paint and wigs. . . . Allinford was critical and exacting while expert hands transformed him. . . . His grey, drooping moustache had become well waxed and auburn, with pointed ends. His scanty hair also had a tinge of the same colour, and had been brushed so that it appeared twice as luxuriant as it was in reality. A razor and dye had worked wonders with his eyebrows. He wore his own clothes and was as neat as ever, but it would have needed keen eyes to detect any likeness to the man who had entered the establishment."

"The Crime Club." By Frank Froest, M.V.O., and George Dilnot. (Eveleigh Nash; 6s.)



A MASTER OF MUSIC FOR THE FRONT: CAPTAIN J. MACKENZIE ROGAN, M.V.O., MUS. DOC., HON. R.A.M., COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Captain Mackenzie Rogan, the clever and popular Director of Music of the Coldstream Guards, left for the front on Wednesday, the War Office recognising the inspiring effect of military music amid the stress of active service. Captain Mackenzie Rogan's name is a household word. He is senior Director of Music of the Household Brigade, whose motto, "Tria juncta in Uno," he incarnates, his father having been Irish, his mother, Scotch, and he himself born in the Isle of Wight. He joined the Army in 1867, has served in South Africa, India, and Burmah, and holds a number of medals and decorations. His son, a subaltern in the Middlesex Regiment, is in Flanders, and represents the fifth generation of his family to serve his country.

Photograph by Russell.

"Artists" do not take the war as tragically as a Raemaekers or a Dyson. Pictures of "somewhere in France" are merely pensive, not horrible.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



DAUGHTER OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: THE HON. JOAN THESIGER.

Miss Joan Frances Vere Thesiger, who is twenty, will be a very popular figure in the Government House circle at Delhi, for she is pretty, clever, and amiable. At present she is working assiduously with the British Red Cross. Miss Thesiger is not only the daughter of a Viceroy, but her mother, Lady Chelmsford, is a sister of Lord Wimborne, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Stepping Stones to Beauty



It is no exaggeration to claim for Palmolive that every tablet affords a stepping-stone to beauty. Each Tablet which is used means an added touch of that most winsome of all human charms—the charm of a beautiful skin.

Tradition informs us that thousands of years ago the beauty-giving virtues of Palm and Olive oils delighted the fair sex, and right up to the present day neither Science nor Nature has evolved anything better for the skin. The very purest and best of these oils are blended in

PALMOLIVE

—the soap which is more than soap.
The delightful sensation of silky softness when washing with it is only excelled by the skin-comfort it gives after the toilet.

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“see that **hump?**”

Medium—Sweet & Dry.

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will be as healthy and happy as this baby if brought up on Savory & Moore's Food.

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SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Divine Sarah. Her voice remains beautiful, her enunciation full of fascination, her gestures expressive and full of grace. What a woman! Last week, as I heard her and saw her hold and thrill an audience of thousands, I marvelled to think of her as I had heard her first. Then she was in the prime of life, and her voice a dream. Then she was so thin that some epigrammatic person said, "An empty carriage drove up and Sarah Bernhardt got out." Then she loved-alligators, and serpents, and tiger-cubs, and other uncomfortable kinds of things; so that common or garden folk were afraid to let her their houses, or to take suites at hotels after her, lest a pet was left behind. Now the people love her as before they wondered at and admired her. The Divine Sarah captured our brains and emotions long ago; she has taken our hearts and souls now. Her genius, and her own and her country's tragedies, have helped in the conquest.

The Easy-Goers. There are thousands and thousands of them; they are enjoying life as usual; they have just as many meals, just as many courses, just as many frocks, just as much bridge, rather more theatre, and certainly more repose than before the war; because there are no large assemblages of other women for them to show up in. These women are the rich lower middle-classes, who had not become accustomed to their moneyed state, or the still-more-rich upper middle-class women who had become wedded to the luxuries their wealth procured for them, and now refuse to be divorced therefrom. Of course, thousands and thousands in our population is a small percentage. Even then, it is too large, when we think what the aristocrats and the workers of our sex are doing. I might write them all down workers, but wish to point out that none are finer, steadier, or more self-sacrificing than the occupants of our high places. "I have to have some bridge every day to keep my mind off the general depression." "If I did not devote some care and time to dress and buy pretty frocks, I should just sit and cry my eyes out"; "Oh, we play golf three times a week for necessary exercise"; "Well, if we didn't go very often to the theatres and halls, what should we do, I ask you that?"; "Good dinners; yes, of course. Mother says, now, of all times, our constitutions must be kept up." All these things I have heard lately, and more besides. Proof that the speakers knew themselves self-indulgent lay in the fact that they said them, for I had asked no question, and made no remark!

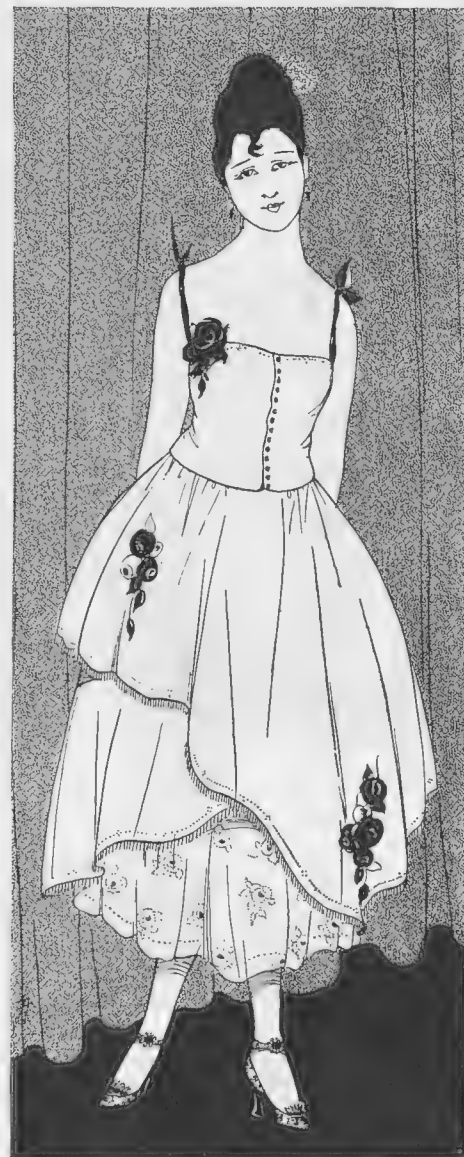
To Keep Us Together.

Not the Allies this time (they will keep together all right)—merely our personal belongings with hooks-and-eyes. They are harmless, necessary nuisances in the ordinary way, and they seem to take a special delight in evading their duty; and when one is fastened, the next to it impishly jumps out. However, like all difficulties, this has been solved by simple common-sense.

The original De Long hook-and-eye makes an efficient fastening, by means of a hump in the hook, that keeps it fastened into the heart-shaped eye. They do not rust, these hooks-and-eyes; they do their duty and keep bright! The hump, taken at its slang interpretation, is to be carefully avoided; but, "See that Hump," in connection with hooks-and-eyes, is a guide to the best and most efficient and satisfactory of their kind. They fasten quite easily and remain fixed. All drapers and store-keepers have them.

The Coming Generation.

Our fighters by sea and land are preparing a heritage of freedom and peace for the coming generation. What is equally important is to prepare the coming generation for that heritage. The National Milk Hostels Committee is doing a great work in this direction. Muriel Lady Helmsley, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Clonmell, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Celia Coates, and Mrs. Henry Sturgis are on this Committee, which supplies pure, same-day milk, brought direct from the source to the Hostel, for 21,300 necessitous cases weekly—for mothers who require it for their infants. Reports show that this has proved directly instrumental in saving infant life and helping the sick mothers. The death-rate among infants under a week old has reached the alarming figure of 20 per cent. This is very serious indeed, and the National Milk Hostels Committee wish to extend their life-saving efforts. They have no income; the work is voluntary, no expense for officers or offices being incurred. The latest balance-sheet will be gladly sent, to any intending helper in this patriotic national work, by any of the ladies whose names are mentioned above, or by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. H. Dixon Scott, 67, Jermyn Street, S.W.



CUT ON SIMPLE LINES: AN EVENING FROCK.

Noticeable for its simplicity is this model of lemon-coloured faille, showing an underskirt of gaze d'argent embroidered in pearls. The flowers and shoulder-straps give a relieving note of black.

The Dogs of Peace.

Dear Mr. George Moore and dear Mr. Barry Pain, in the seventeenth month of the most devastating war the world has ever known, can such talented men as you are find no more important business for your brains and pen than writing yapping articles about yapping little dogs, and indirectly about some silly women? Even in these days, when the vast majority of my sex is magnificently vindicating its title to respect, there are some silly women who are stupidly demonstrative to pet dogs; do let them pass! Dogs are dirty, but so are men, very often. Don't they smell of stale tobacco?—sometimes of stale alcohol? Don't they put muddy boots up on cushions of railway carriages? Don't they cross their feet in 'buses and clean their boots on the skirts of passing women? There are lots of dirty things they do; but they are doing such glorious other things that I should never mention, or even resent, the former, if Messrs. G. M. and B. P. did not write that women are so idiotic, and that they only love dogs because no one else loves them. The most attractive women are usually the most addicted to spoiled dogs. The subject is, however, futile, so farewell to it!



THE NEW DOUBLE-CAPE EFFECT: A HIGHWAYMAN FASHION.

A long coat of tan suede-cloth, showing the new "Highwayman's" double-cape effect and the latest thing in cuffs. The side-panels are ornamented with four large tucks, and the buttons are of aluminium.

Boldness

—comes from training and knowledge. In fighting or drawing it is just the same.

Many of our bold fighters are finding cheer and relaxation studying my Drawing Courses.

Free and unrestrained, these Courses teach the modern methods advocated by twelve of London's Leading Art Editors in the production of vigorous, bold Drawings.

CAN YOU SKETCH?

My two prospectuses will be sent to you free if you are interested. They describe my Postal Courses of Instruction for Learners and Advanced Students. They are profusely illustrated by Old Pupils—now famous "line" artists. This sketch is the work of one.

Send for prospectuses to-day to Percy V. Bradshaw, Principal,
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Pack Horses conveying ammunition to the Front.



SERGEANT J. T. BRYANT

Royal Field Artillery

British Expeditionary Force

"I had been down with Trench Fever for eight weeks, and although I had been four weeks in Hospital I seemed to derive very little benefit, and eventually returned to my pals. Our Sergeant-major gave me a bottle of your Phosferine, which I took, and I am pleased to say it has done me so much good that I am now able to take up my duties again. I intend to keep some Phosferine by me, for now I feel a new man again and fit for anything. I shall not be slow in recommending Phosferine to anybody that comes my way, as my kit now has a new extra pocket just the right size to take a tube of the Tablets."

This vigorous, self-reliant Soldier **knows** he could never shake off Trench Fever until he took a course of Phosferine; he **knows** Phosferine was the only effective check to the nervous exhaustion and stunning of his senses caused by shell-shock—briefly stated, Phosferine revived the inactive nerve functions and re-charged his system with such lasting vitality that he is no longer affected by the severest nerve stress or privations encountered.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

Manfield

& SONS

FIELD BOOT

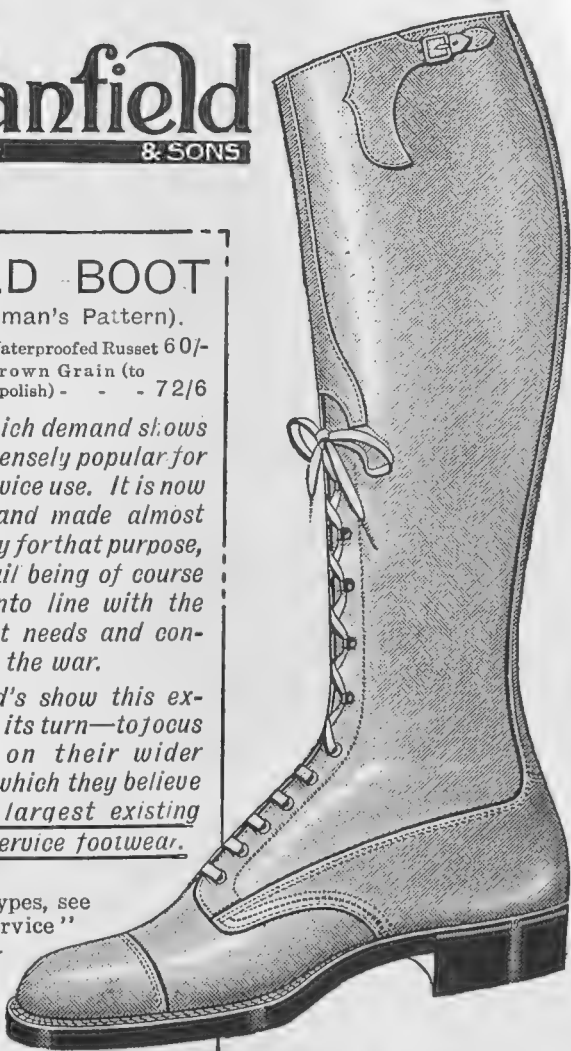
(Sportsman's Pattern).

No. M556. Waterproofed Russet 60/-
No. M555. Brown Grain (to polish) - - - 72/6

A boot which demand shows to be immensely popular for Active Service use. It is now adapted and made almost exclusively for that purpose, every detail being of course brought into line with the paramount needs and conditions of the war.

Manfield's show this example—in its turn—to focus attention on their wider selection, which they believe to be the largest existing stock of service footwear.

For other types, see "Active Service" Catalogue—Free on application.



125, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.
And throughout London and United Kingdom.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

WHERE SOME LIGHT-CAR-OWNERS GO WRONG: WHAT WOMEN CHAUFFEURS CANNOT DO: A DISC TIP.

Light Cars and Tyre-Wear.

How much longer, one wonders, shall we have to wait before the prevalent idea that light cars spell economy in tyres is definitely "scotched"? There are some people who argue that, because a very heavy car with tyres of insufficient diameter and section means frequent punctures and renewals, it therefore follows that the lighter

from considering for a moment the advisability of employing women drivers instead of men. It is positively sad nowadays to contemplate a high-class car, perfect in all other respects, but without a starting-device, and with the added probability of there being no half-compression taps through which the engine could be primed with petrol. Surely it is incumbent on every owner who engages a woman



A BATTALION THAT WANTS RECRUITS: THE 1-6 CYCLISTS' BATTALION OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT IN TRAINING AT WORTHING: (ON THE LEFT) TAKING COVER; (ON THE RIGHT) AN ARMOURD CAR AND CYCLISTS DEFENDING A BRIDGE.

Recruits are still wanted for the 1-6 Cyclists' Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and for the purpose of obtaining them a London recruiting-office has been opened at 52, Shaftes-

bury Avenue. The men are billeted in houses at Worthing, so that the whole of their training is carried out at the seaside. The work is extremely interesting.

the chassis the less will be the wear and tear of its pneumatic equipment. Unfortunately, it is just as easy for the maker of a light car to fit tyres too small for the weight as it is for the builder of a 50-h.p. vehicle with a limousine body superadded. But there is a special point of even greater importance where the light car is concerned. Any calculation as to suitable diameters and sections for a given weight is normally based upon the assumption that the wheels are invariably doing their duty by bearing that weight at all times. As a matter of fact, however, driving nowadays is often nothing but a series of jumps from pot-hole to pot-hole, so appalling is the condition of many of our thoroughfares. Every time a back wheel jumps from the ground it spins rapidly while in the air, and as it comes to earth again it takes more wear out of itself in a few seconds than in many miles of normal running. The light car is more liable to jump out of a pot-hole than heavier vehicles.

Self-Starters and Women Drivers.

It is a truism to say that there are many things which would have been done differently if this war could have been foreseen; but, where cars are concerned, the one outstanding need is for universal self-starters. So signally successful have these devices now proved that even in ordinary times their use might well be regarded as essential to any car claiming to be properly equipped; but now that chauffeurs are at a discount and women are taking their places in large numbers, the need for automatic starters is imperative. Not only is their absence causing severe trouble in cases where cars have to be set going by the old-fashioned handle, but it is also specifically preventing many employers

driver to have a self-starter fitted forthwith, if his car is minus that essential item.

The Cleaning Difficulty.

One of the chief drawbacks, however, of the situation is that there are still many car-owners who know nothing about their own cars. When an employer of this kind finds that his man has enlisted, and that he must needs engage a woman unless he lays up his car, he is extremely likely to misappreciate the requirements of the occasion. He might be willing to fit a self-starter; but, as he does not realise the necessity, he will not make the suggestion on his own account. And there is another difficulty which has declared itself in the case

of big and powerful cars with expensive bodies. The cleaning of these is not a woman's job; but if so be that she obtains the owner's sanction to have the work done by a man, she probably finds that there is no male labour to be had! Women, therefore, who are not prepared to face every contingency should avoid the limousine and the lorry alike.

For "Schedule II."

For the various towns and areas defined in Schedule II. of the new lighting order it is necessary to use an opaque disc behind each side-lamp, duly perforated according to prescribed measurements with six holes. I have received from Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., of Acton, a sample pair of discs, which they are prepared to send gratis to all users of their lamps who make ap-

plication accordingly. The pair in question are designed for six-inch lamps, and cannot be cut down for smaller lenses, as the holes would not be correctly arranged. All applicants, therefore, would do well to state the type of side-lamp which they are using.



AN AEROPLANE AS AN ELECTION PLATFORM: MR. PEMBERTON BILLING, THE AIRMAN-CANDIDATE FOR MILE END, ADDRESSING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING

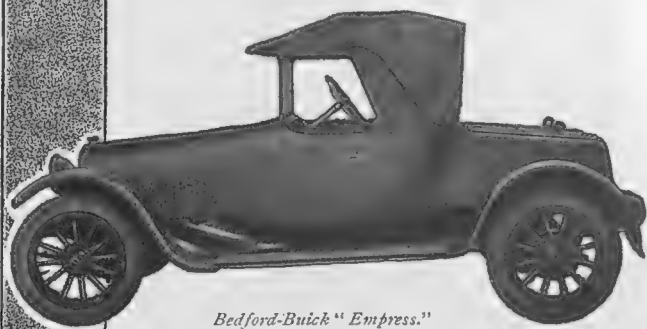
In contesting the bye-election at Mile End, Mr. Pemberton Billing, an ex-airman, has made the defence of London against air-raids the principal question. He has addressed many open-air meetings from his aeroplane, and he arranged to hold during the week-end two meetings a day in the Mile End Palladium, with an orchestra, and films showing him in his machine. Among the speakers supporting him were Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Ben Tillett, and Mr. Arnold White.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



REALISATION

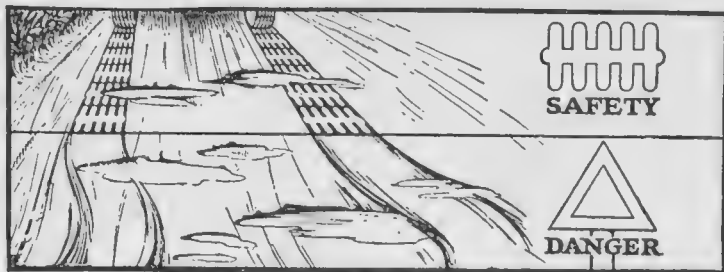
ONLY those who have driven the new Buick "Six" realise the possibilities of this wonderful Car. The Owner experiences the nearest sensation to flying that a Motor-Car can give. To him hills hardly exist. He can take almost any of them on top gear and with sustained speed. He experiences no vibration. To start his engine he presses a pedal, to light his car he touches a button. His upholstery is luxurious, the appearance of his car is ideal, and he experiences that pride of ownership that can be felt only in a really first-class article.



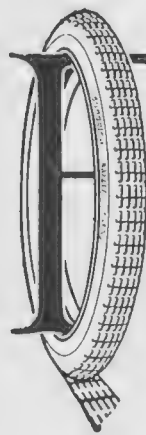
Bedford-Buick "Empress."

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Concerning New Novels.

"The Kaleidoscope."

BY THE HON. MRS. DOWDALL.
(Duckworth.)

Mrs. Dowdall's idea of a plumber's elopement with a well-to-do daughter of the middle-class house where he went to mend the taps, and his subsequent rise to an old Scotch baronetcy by several deaths, is good enough in itself for robust comedy, if not farce. Beyond that idea there is no construction in "The Kaleidoscope"; but Mrs. Dowdall's natural and quite irrepressible wit adorns the subject till it blossoms into joyous satire. What a Virgil to conduct her readers, for example, to a hydro full of persons, "actually male and female, though not in the general sense in which those words are used in the Old Testament. One could imagine the whole houseful of them having assembled there gradually by natural multiplication, like a sort of coral reef set going in the Dark Ages by a lady sanitary inspector and an invalid Colonel"! There is her humour which rejoices in the distinction a parson might draw between visiting a lady in bed during the course of parochial duties, and seeing the same lady in the same place by accident, owing to the tactless flinging open of the door! There is her own distinction between the wilds of Scotland and Wales, when the rioting north of the Border loses its innocent savagery in black, angry faces, scurrilous tongues, and the wheezing of the harmonium. There are a hundred bright and nerry comments on anything and everything. Never, for such as Mrs. Dowdall, the life of the plumber's lady wife, who could walk through six years of her life "much in the same way as a caterpillar walks through a day's excursion over a lettuce-leaf." Rather, for her, the every day which is something of an ecstasy or a nightmare, and that is why "The Kaleidoscope" makes such startling patterns out of the shapeless pieces of life, quite apart from its great turn of the plumber-baronetcy.

"The Generation Between."

BY C. M. MATHESON.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Between—what? Miss Matheson never attempts frankly to explain what was to come after Thomasine. Behind her there were the Helens and the Aunt Besses, home-making, home-loving wives and mothers. Thomasine fled from such, from her own quite happy home, because it was drudgery; and yet, being a healthy young woman, love caught her unawares. The one unselfish act of her life—to marry out of hand and make her dying father happy by doing so—shut the door on her brief bid for freedom. Poor Thomasine found herself merely translated from one drudgery to another. Motherhood tightened the strain of it, and then Thomasine rebelled. Up to that point Miss Matheson is convincing and illuminating. Thomasine's trouble was one of temperament rather than an awkward niche in the generations. Every generation



PRINCIPAL GIRL IN THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME:
MISS DORIS LEE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

knows them—vital, untamable, ardent, forced by from the table life lays for womankind, but with an eye on the richer food spread for man, even snatching morsels thence every now and then. Thomasine, therefore, not being unique, nor her situation unprecedented, we understand Thomasine, and judge or admire her according to our own sex or prejudice. But Thomasine running from her baby to work bachelor-wise in a nebulous woman-colony, and her subsequent conversion there to the drudgery of man-rearing, is another pair of shoes. It almost seems possible to

put a finger on the page where Miss Matheson drops portraiture to draw upon that dubious source which children call "making up out of your head." As to Dyleshart, the town like a nation apart, where there "is no talk of equality between man and woman, for women rule"—never was Utopia more shrouded in the mist of dreams. It is as incredible as the blue roses grown by its lady gardeners. This was the environment that taught Thomasine the final secret of her nature—that she was of the cave women, of the days of chivalry, of the age of Victoria, and men must rule such as she. It is even darkly hinted that secret rebellion on these lines was undermining the fair pillars of Dyleshart society. Thomasine, at any rate, helped off by the ghost of a flirtation, returns to love, honour, and obey—"I am going back to my man, to bake his bread and make his butter, to eat with him and work for him and sleep with him." It is evident that persistent recourse by woman to an opposite line of action would effectually finish the problem of any generations whatever. But no number of Thomasines, unregenerate Thomasines, need be feared. And the regenerate ones are selected by Nature as the mothers for heroes.



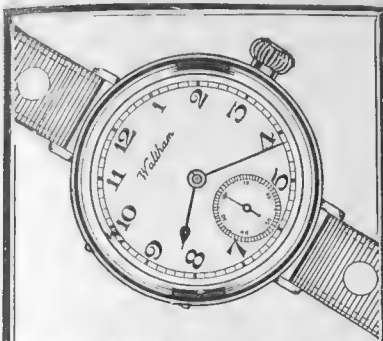
IN "MORE," AT THE AMBASSADORS':
MISS PEGGY PRIMROSE.

Photograph by Bassano.

"These Twain."

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Methuen.)

"It's Hilda again," as someone said, eagerly turning over my 'New Novels' arrived for the weekly review. And Hilda it is, the long and eagerly expected Hilda, as Messrs. Methuen declare. We may now think, feel, and live her through several close-packed hours; likewise Edwin, likewise Auntie Hamps, likewise the Benbow family, to say nothing of that exotic native Ingpen and the two Georges. Not merely the clothes they wear, but the exact hook on which they hang when in repose; the colour of the office distemper or of the hake for tea; the daily tricks of habit, business, or prejudice; and, beating behind it all in a constricted corner, the twain hearts of the married lovers. It is like those nests of Japanese boxes. You have the outer one—now getting a little the worse for wear—of the Five Towns, and, opening that, you come on various domestic circles, probably at high tea; you will then find many diminishing sizes, curiously decorated with "Habits and Customs of the Natives," and you arrive finally at those two hearts crushed into the tiniest box in the world: Nothing but a painted shell has each box proved till the last and least gave up its treasure of two human hearts torn between love of each other and love of self. You will see it is a high theme, but you will not part from our clever Mr. Bennett on a finely resonant note. You will be too subdued, and the reason will not be really attributable to those high teas. The reason strikes deeper and is less surmountable. Mr. Bennett gropes after those twain behind a mass of doubtful furniture, dull clothes, and dreary habits. He drags the real people forth for us to see by moments, and presently they slip back. We begin to suspect that it is the human lot. One is glad to remember that these tiresome things did not present themselves to the notice of Æschylus. It becomes a comfort to remember, too, that the night will hold its stars remotely, even should Mr. Bennett set forth from his Five Towns in an aeroplane; and the nightly undressing can always bring the consciousness of a body mysterious as a star and as wonderful. Some of this may seem like quarrelling, but it is not. Mr. Bennett has written a real war novel. The clash of arms rises above that of knife and fork. It is a duel upon the battlefield of marriage, between a pair who will be lovers to the last thrust.



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE illness of Miss Hutin Britton gives to Miss Lilian Braithwaite a valuable opportunity of playing the part of Portia, which must be an agreeable change to her after most of the characters that she has represented during the last few years; at least, I do not recollect her since somewhere in 1905 appearing in a Shakespearean work. However, before that time, as a member of the Benson Company, she had favourable opportunities of studying the art of delivering verse. Naturally, I have no intention of drawing comparisons between her work and that of Mrs. Matheson Lang. It is, perhaps, enough to say that the Press has been enthusiastic about the latest Portia, declaring it to be the best since Ellen Terry's. And yet it has been hinted that in the lighter scenes she is not altogether Portia, who was a very merry lady—indeed, it would not be going too far to apply the term "larkish" to her, and nobody would dream of using such a word concerning Miss Braithwaite, who nevertheless exhibits an agreeable sense of humour, and even gaiety, which carries her through the difficult scenes where Portia's love of fun asserts itself. In the Trial Scene her work is of remarkably fine quality, and she delivers that famous "purple patch," "The Quality of Mercy" speech, admirably. Altogether, the new Portia is delightful and considerably enhances the already great reputation of Miss Lilian Braithwaite. I ought to add that Mr. Matheson Lang's Shylock is one of the best of our times. What more can playgoers want than Shakespearean drama acted in such fashion and at popular prices?

"The Starlight Express" has been revised and corrected, so the critics have been invited to pay a second visit, though the changes hardly make it a new edition. There are advantageous cuts for the

sake of shortness; I think that some will regret that amongst the omissions is that of the death of Miss Waghorn, which Miss Mary Barton rendered beautifully. There is a new song for Mr. Mott, with very pretty music, which he sings admirably; also the setting for the last scene, which was not ready for the first performance, is now presented—it forms a really effective picture of Star-land. No doubt, with such names attached to it as those of Sir Edward Elgar and Mr. Algernon Blackwood, the piece is a little disappointing, for one expected, perhaps, too much, and is not sufficiently grateful for what is actually given. Mr. Blackwood does not at

present show such a mastery of the stage as is needed for a fairy-play intended to be a vehicle for ideas and not merely a sort of pantomime. Consequently, the ideas and the delicate fantasies seem rather in the nature of ornaments than essential elements, and may be a little puzzling at times to the youthful playgoer. Still, the work at the Kingsway has its pretty fancies and whimsical suggestions, as well as its enjoyable humours of a humbler character, and Sir Edward Elgar's music is decidedly attractive, with its charming melodies and graceful structure.

Sir Ian Hamilton, in his historic despatch, described the operations of our soldiers in Gallipoli as "the finest feat ever performed by British Arms," and it is well that an excellent souvenir of the campaign is available in the half-crown book of a hundred photographs published by the Alfieri Picture Service, 4-7, Red Lion

Court, Fleet Street, E.C., showing every phase of life in Gallipoli; many of the photographs being taken under fire. The book is called "The Dardanelles: An Epic Told in Pictures," and, with its copious extracts from Sir Ian's despatch, forms an interesting souvenir of the historic campaign with which it deals.



A ROYAL MARRIAGE IN FRANCE: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE D'ORLÉANS—
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The recent marriage of the daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Vendôme with the son of the Count and Countess de Caserta was celebrated at the residence of the Duke and Duchess, at Neuilly. Mass was said by M. l'Abbé Runner, Curé de l'Eglise de Saint Pierre, and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris gave the Apostolic blessing. The witnesses for the Princess were the Duke of Orléans, represented by Mgr. le Duc de Guise, and the King of the Belgians, represented by Baron Guillaume, Belgian Minister in France. The witnesses for the Prince were the King of Spain, represented by the Infant Don Carlos de Bourbon, and Prince Janvier de Bourbon des Deux-Siciles, represented by the Count de la Tour en Voivre.—[Photographs by K. Collings.]

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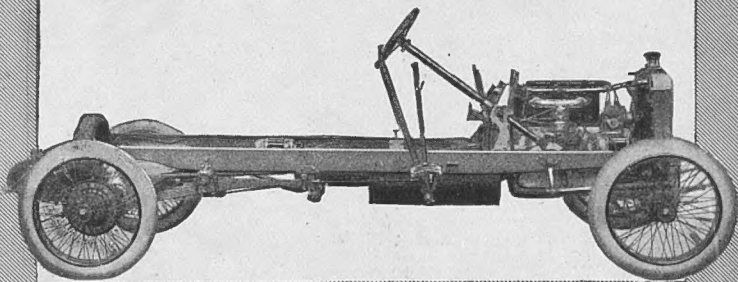
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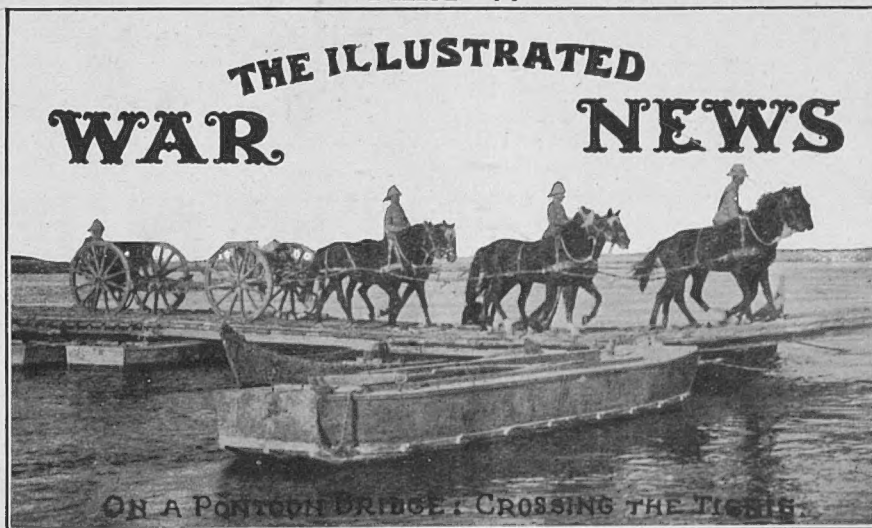
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DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"There are things here from which we shrink in utter horror—almost in incredulity; covering our eyes that they may not force us to understand that which is, and yet which we dare not more than half realise, even to ourselves. But these are the very things that we *must* force ourselves to gaze upon and to realise, the things that must burn themselves into our very hearts, so that they may be steel to strike and rock to endure to the very end."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"It is easy enough to understand why the German Government has put a price of 12,000 marks—a miserly one—on the head of Louis Raemaekers."
"Louis Raemaekers has nailed the Kaiser to a cross of immortal infamy. . . ."

STANDARD.

"Better than any other cartoonist, he makes you feel that, from beginning to end, at peace and at war, modern Germany is perfectly consistent; and that before humanity can resume its normal occupations Germany, as a political expression, must be not only beaten, but destroyed. To put it shortly, Mr. Raemaekers is up against, not Germany, but the devil."

TRUTH.

"... His cartoons form an artistic as well as a historical document, the value of which can hardly be over-estimated."

MANCHESTER COURIER.

"... Their exhibition has a wider import, for they constitute a history of the war that will be permanent, and, moreover, one that serves as an indictment on the Germans for ever. . . ."

DAILY MAIL.

"Mockery and laughter almost screams in these drawings. But it is a laughter from which true merriment has fled. It seems to represent the scorn with which the world regards the pretensions of a branded race, the amazement with which it watches the emissaries of the Kaiser approach unshamefaced councils where human standards still prevail, trying to pass themselves off as human beings."

DAILY CHRONICLE.

C. LEWIS HIND writes: "Had I my will I would gather them all into a book, print a million copies, and scatter them through the neutral and belligerent world."

"... These cartoons were tremendous; they showed the war as not even the belligerent nations had seen it; they attacked and condemned Germany as not ourselves, not France, not even Belgium, had been able to assail her."

EVENING STANDARD.

"There is so much that is true in the artist's pencil that it is little wonder that the people of Germany have squirmed under his pictorial punishment, and have done their best to suppress him."

DAILY NEWS.

"It is a natural grievance with the Kaiser that the most direct and relentless attack upon his war methods has come from a neutral country. There has never been a more terrible condemnation of the spirit of a nation than that to be found in the cartoons in which Mr. Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch artist, gives us his vision of the German war policy in being."

OBSERVER.

"Mr. Louis Raemaekers is a neutral whose sympathies are so whole-heartedly with the cause of justice that his castigation of Prussian Militarism and German Kultur exceeds in severity and concentrated bitterness the most satirical cartoons produced since the beginning of the war by any of the English or French cartoonists."

MORNING POST.

"He stands alone, unrivalled, a great journalist with a gift that gives him authority beyond the power of words. . . . His line is clear and supple, strenuous and tender, while his sense of colour and design enables him to produce at will any kind of illusion with extraordinary success."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER.

"It would have been a pity if neutral nations should not have had the benefit of seeing the shafts that have penetrated the hide of even German self-satisfaction. Ridicule is a powerful weapon, and may reach much further than the biggest of big guns."

"He's a master of the tragic and epic line. He's the greatest cartoonist, I think, since Daumier. He can deal with the war in the right way."

GLASGOW NEWS.

"Mr. Louis Raemaekers' War cartoons are bound to live in history. . . ."

GLOBE.

"It is rather curious that it should have been reserved for an artist of a neutral nation to produce the most scathing, and the most convincing pictorial commentary that has yet appeared on the war. . . . And the impression he has formed of the German methods, as set forth in this exhibition, is the most damning that the human mind could conceive."

MANCHESTER DESPATCH.

MR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE writes: "The Kaiser, I am told, has tried to get the artist kidnapped with a view to having him dealt with by a drumhead court-marshal."

WESTERN DAILY MERCURY.

"The renowned Dutch artist has never spared the Germans. . . . But they have not frightened the artist; nor could they tempt him when they offered him large sums of money to stop drawing his biting cartoons."

COUNTRY LIFE.

"The rise into fame of Mr. Louis Raemaekers is the most extraordinary surprise that has arisen in the Art world for many a long day. . . ."

THE GRAPHIC.

"The cartoons are beyond cautious appreciation, so much do they move those who look upon them."

DAILY EXPRESS.

"Mr. Raemaekers' artistic temperament has looked in at the window and seen the soul of England."

QUEEN.

"The result is amazing, and it is impossible to look through the ruthless series of his cartoons without being stirred to the very depth both of pity and rage at the abominations they record."

THE BRITISH PRESS IS UNANIMOUS

NEVER has the work of an artist or writer received from the Press of this country such generous and widespread recognition as that of the Dutch cartoonist, Louis Raemaekers, "he whom the Hun hates most." He has been honoured by France, fêted by England, and the Kaiser has put a price upon his head.

The Prime Minister of England has been urged in the House of Commons to publish his work broadcast. This important task has been undertaken by private enterprise, and there will shortly be issued facsimile reproductions of

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOONS IN COLOURS

These reproductions, which will be identical with the originals, will shortly be upon exhibition at Art Dealers and Picture Galleries throughout the country, and may be purchased ready for framing at the following prices:

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Everybody should possess at least one example of Mr. Raemaekers' work. A catalogue will be sent upon application to the Publishers,

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LONDON, W.

DUNDEE COURIER.

"Prussia and the Kaiser will go down to posterity in them stamped with 'frightfulness.' The war which has not yet discovered or made a hero, has in Mr. Raemaekers discovered, and possibly made, a very great artist indeed."

PUBLIC OPINION.

"In Germany it is said that 'much offence has been created in Court circles by the report that King George has received the famous caricaturist and inspected his drawings—drawings which, without wit or art, depict the actions and countenance of the Emperor William.'"